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LAURENCE STERNE

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Sir Joshua Reynolds. After his Portrait of himself.

THE WORKS OF

LAURENCE STERNE

VOLUME SEVEN

LETTERS

OF

LAURENCE STERNE

TO HIS MOST INTIMATE FRIENDS

VOLUME II

WITH AN INTRODUCTION BY WILBUR L. CROSS

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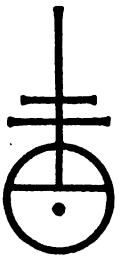

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Sir Joshua Reynolds. After his Portrait of himself.

have been mistaken in her character — and 'tis odd she should talk of her wealth to one, and tell another the reverse — so good night to her — About a week or ten days before my wife arrived at Paris I had the same accident I had at Cambridge, of breaking a vessel in my lungs. It happen'd in the night, and I bled the bed full, and finding in the morning I was likely to bleed to death, I sent immediately for a surgeon to bleed me at both arms — this saved me, and with lying speechless three days, I recovered upon my back in bed; the breach healed, and in a week after I got out — This with my weakness and hurrying about made me think it high time to haste to Toulouse. — We have had four months of such heats that the oldest Frenchman never remembers the like — 'twas as hot as *Nebuchadnezzar's oven*, and never has relaxed one hour — in the height of this, 'twas our destiny (or rather destruction) to set out by way of Lyons, Montpellier, &c. to shorten, I trow, our sufferings — Good God! — but 'tis over — and here I am in my own house, quite settled by M[ackarty]'s aid, and good-natured offices, for which I owe him more than I can express or know how to pay at present. — 'Tis in the

prettiest situation in Toulouse, with near two acres of garden — the house too good by half for us — well furnished, for which I pay thirty pounds a year. — I have got a good cook — my wife a decent *femme de chambre*, and a good-looking *laquais*. — The Abbé has planned our expences, and set us in such a train, we cannot easily go wrong — tho' by the bye, the D——l is seldom found sleeping under a hedge. Mr. Trotter dined with me the day before I left Paris — I took care to see all executed according to your directions — but Trotter, I dare say, by this has wrote you — I made him happy beyond expression with your crazy tales, and more so with its frontispiece. — I am in spirits, writing a crazy chapter — with my face turned towards thy turret — 'Tis now I wish all warmer climates, countries, and everything else, at ——, that separates me from our paternal seat — *ce sera là où reposera ma cendre — et ce sera là où mon cousin viendra repandre les pleurs dues á notre amitié.* — I am taking asses milk three times a day, and cows milk as often — I long to see thy face again once more — Greet the Colonel kindly in my name, and thank him cordially from me for his many civilities to

Madame and Mademoiselle Shandy at York, who send all due acknowledgments. The humour is over for France and Frenchmen, but that is not enough for your affectionate cousin,

L. S.

(A year will tire us all out I trow) but thank heaven the post brings me a letter from my Anthony — I felicitate you upon what Messrs. the Reviewers allow you — they have too much judgment themselves not to allow you what you are actually possess'd of, "talents, wit and humour." — Well, write on my dear cousin, and be guided by thy own fancy. — Oh! how I envy you all at Crazy Castle! — I could like to spend a month with you —— and should return back again for the vintage. — I honour the man that has given the world an idea of our parental seat —— 'tis well done — I look at it ten times a day with a *quando te aspiciam?* — Now farewell — remember me to my beloved Colonel — greet Panty most lovingly on my behalf, and if Mrs. C —— and Miss C ——, &c. are at G[uisborough], greet them likewise with a holy kiss — So God bless you.

LETTER LXXV

To Mr. Foley, at Paris

TOULOUSE, August 14, 1762.

MY DEAR FOLEY, — After many turnings (*alias* digressions) to say nothing of downwright overthrows, stops, and delays, we have arrived in three weeks at Toulouse, and are now settled in our houses with servants, &c. about us, and look as composed as if we had been here seven years. — In our journey we suffered so much from the heats, it gives me pain to remember it — I never saw a cloud from Paris to Nismes half as broad as a twenty-four sols piece. — Good God! we were toasted, roasted, grill'd, stew'd and carbonaded on one side or other all the way — and being all done enough (*assez cuits*) in the day, we were ate up at night by bugs, and other unswept out vermin, the legal inhabitants (if length of possession gives right) of every inn we lay at. — Can you conceive a worse accident than that in such a journey, in the hottest day and hour of it, four miles from either tree or shrub which could

cast a shade of the size of one of Eve's fig leaves — that we should break a hind wheel into ten thousand pieces, and be obliged in consequence to sit five hours on a gravelly road, without one drop of water, or possibility of getting any — To mend the matter, my two postillions were two dough-hearted fools, and fell a crying. — Nothing was to be done ! By heaven, quoth I, pulling off my coat and waistcoat, something shall be done, for I'll thrash you both within an inch of your lives — and then make you take each of you a horse, and ride like two devils to the next post for a cart to carry my baggage, and a wheel to carry ourselves — Our luggage weighed ten quintals — 'twas the fair of Baucaire — all the world was going, or returning — we were ask'd by every soul who pass'd by us, if we going to the fair of Baucaire — no wonder, quoth I, we have goods enough ! *vous avez raison, mes amis.*

Well ! here we are after all, my dear friend — and most deliciously placed at the extremity of the town, in an excellent house well furnish'd and elegant beyond anything I look'd for — 'Tis built in the form of a hotel, with a pretty court towards the town — and behind, the best gardens in Toulouse, laid out in ser-

pentine walks, and so large that the company in our quarter usually come to walk there in the evenings, for which they have my consent — "the more the merrier." The house consists of a good *salle à manger* above stairs joining to the very great *salle à compagnie* as large as the Baron d'Holbach's; three handsome bed-chambers with dressing rooms to them — below stairs two very good rooms for myself, one to study in, the other to see company. — I have moreover cellars round the court, and all other offices — Of the same landlord I have bargained to have the use of a country-house which he has two miles out of town, so that myself and all my family have nothing more to do than take our hats and remove from the one to the other —— My landlord is moreover to keep the gardens in order — and what do you think I am to pay for all this? neither more or less than thirty pounds a year — all things are cheap in proportion — so we shall live for very very little. — I dined yesterday with Mr. H [ewit]; he is most pleasantly situated, and they are all well. — As for the books you have received for D[odsley], the bookseller was a fool not to send the bill along with them — I will write to him about it. — I wish you was with me for two

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months ; it would cure you of all evils ghostly and bodily — but this, like many other wishes both for you and myself, must have its completion elsewhere — Adieu, my kind friend, and believe that I love you as much from inclination as reason, for

I am most truly yours,

L. STERNE.

My wife and girl join in compliments to you — my best respects to my worthy Baron d'Holbach and all that society — remember me to my friend Mr. Panchaud.

LETTER LXXVI

To J[ohn] H [all] S[tevenson], Esq.

TOULOUSE, Oct. 19, 1762.

MY DEAR H[ALL], — I received your letter yesterday — so it has been travelling from Crazy Castle to Toulouse full eighteen days. — If I had nothing to stop me I would engage to set out this morning, and knock at Crazy Castle gates in three days less time — by which time I should find you and the colonel, Panty, &c. all alone — the season I most wish and like to be with you — I rejoice from my heart, down to my reins, that you have snatch'd so many happy and sunshiny days out of the hands of the blue devils. — If we live to meet and join our forces as heretofore we will give these gentry a drubbing — and turn them for ever out of their usurped citadel — some legions of them have been put to flight already by your operations this last campaign — and I hope to have a hand in dispersing the remainder the first time my dear cousin sets up his banners

again under the same tower —— But what art thou meditating with axes and hammers? — "*I know thy pride and the naughtiness of thy heart,*" and thou lovest the sweet visions of architraves, friezes and pediments with their tympanums, and thou has found out a pretence, *à raison de cinq cent livres sterling* to be laid out in four years, &c. &c. (so as not to be felt, which is always added by the D—— as a bait) to justify thyself unto thyself — It may be very wise to do this — but 'tis wiser to keep one's money in one's pocket, whilst there are wars without and rumours of wars within. St. —— advises his disciples to sell both coat and waistcoat — and go rather without shirt or sword, than leave no money in their scrip to go to Jerusalem with — Now those *quatre ans consecutifs*, my dear Anthony, are the most precious morsels of thy *life to come* (in this world) and thou wilt do well to enjoy that morsel without cares, calculations, and curses, and damns, and debts — for as sure as stone is stone, and mortar is mortar, &c. 'twill be one of the many works of thy repentance — But after all, if the Fates have decreed it, as you and I have some time supposed it on account of your generosity, "*that you are never to be a monied*

man," the decree will be fulfilled whether you adorn your castle and line it with cedar, and paint it withinside and withoutside with vermilion, or not — *et cela étant* (having a bottle of Frontiniac and glass at my right hand) I drink, dear Anthony, to thy health and happiness, and to the final accomplishment of all thy lunary and sublunary projects. — For six weeks together, after I wrote my last letter to you, my projects were many storeys higher, for I was all that time, as I thought, journeying on to the other world. —— I fell ill of an epidemic vile fever which killed hundreds about me. — The physicians here are the errantest charlatans in Europe, or the most ignorant of all pretending fools — I withdrew what was left of me out of their hands, and recommended my affairs entirely to Dame Nature — She (dear goddess) has saved me in fifty different pinching bouts, and I begin to have a kind of enthusiasm now in her favour, and in my own, That one or two more escapes will make me believe I shall leave you all at last by translation, and not by fair death. I am now stout and foolish again as a happy man can wish to be — and am busy playing the fool with my uncle Toby, whom I have got soused over head and ears in love. —

I have many hints and projects for other works; all will go on I trust as I wish in this matter. — When I have reaped the benefit of this winter at Toulouse —— I cannot see I have anything more to do with it; therefore after having gone with my wife and girl to Bagnières, I shall return from whence I came. —— Now my wife wants to stay another year to save money, and this opposition of wishes, tho' it will not be as sour as lemon, yet 'twill not be as sweet as sugar candy. — I wish T[ollot] would lead Sir Charles [Danvers] to Toulouse; 'tis as good as any town in the South of France — for my own part, — 'tis not to my taste — but I believe, the ground work of my *ennui* is more to the eternal platitude of the French characters — little variety, no originality in it at all — than to any other cause — for they are very civil — but civility itself, in that uniform, wearies and bodders one to death — If I do not mind, I shall grow most stupid and sententious — Miss Shandy is hard at it with music, dancing, and French speaking, in the last of which she does *à merveille*, and speaks it with an excellent accent, considering she practises it within sight of the Pyrenean Mountains. — If the snows will suffer me, I propose to spend

two or three months at Barège, or Bagnières, but my dear wife is against all schemes of additional expences — which wicked propensity (tho' not of despotic power) yet I cannot suffer — though by the bye laudable enough — But she may talk — I will do my own way, and she will acquiesce without a word of debate on the subject. — Who can say so much in praise of his wife? Few, I trow. M[ackarty] is out of town vintaging — so write to me, *Monsieur Sterne gentilhomme Anglois* — 'twill find me — We are as much out of the road of all intelligence here as at the Cape of Good Hope — so write a long nonsensical letter like this, now and then to me — in which say nothing but what may be shewn, (tho' I love every paragraph and spirited stroke of your pen, others might not) for you must know, a letter no sooner arrives from England, but curiosity is upon her knees to know the contents. —— Adieu dear H. — believe me

Your affectionate

L. STERNE.

We have had bitter cold weather here these fourteen days — which has obliged us to sit with whole pagells of wood lighted up to our

noses — 'tis a dear article — but everything else being extreme cheap, Madame keeps an excellent good house, with *soupe, bouilli, roti* — &c. &c. for two hundred and fifty pounds a year.

LETTER LXXVII

To Mr. Foley, at Paris

TOULOUSE, November 9, 1762.

My DEAR FOLEY, — I have had this week your letter on my table, and hope you will forgive my not answering it sooner — and even to-day I can but write you ten lines, being engaged at Mrs. M——'s. I would not omit one post more acknowledging the favour — In a few posts I will write you a long one gratis, that is for love — Thank you for having done what I desired you — and for the future direct to me under cover at Monsieur Brousse's — I receive all letters through him, more punctual and sooner than when left at the post-house ————

H[ewit]'s family greet you with mine — we are much together and never forget you — forget me not to the Baron [D'Holbach] and all the circle — nor to your domestic circle ——

I am got pretty well, and sport much with my uncle Toby in the volume I am now fabricating for the laughing part of the world — for

the melancholy part of it, I have nothing but my prayers — so God help them. — I shall hear from you in a post or two at least after you receive this —— in the mean time, dear Foley, adieu, and believe no man wishes or esteems you more than your L. STERNE.

LETTER LXXVIII

To the Same

TOULOUSE, Wednesday, December 8,* 1762.

DEAR FOLEY, — I have for this last fortnight every post-day gone to Messrs. B[rousse] and sons, in expectation of the pleasure of a letter from you, with the remittance I desired you to send me here. — When a man has no more than half a dozen guineas in his pocket —— and a thousand miles from home — and in a country, where he can as soon raise the d——l, as a six livres piece to go to market with, in case he has changed his last guinea — you will not envy my situation. — God bless you —— remit me the balance due upon the receipt of this. — We are all at H[ewit]'s, practising a play we are to act here this Christmas holidays — all the Dramatis Personæ are of the English, of

* ["Dec. 3" in 1775; "Dec. 4" in 1780.]

which we have a happy society living together like brothers and sisters — Your banker here has just sent me word the tea Mr. H[ewit] wrote for is to be delivered into my hands — 'tis all one into whose hands the treasure falls — we shall pay Brousse for it the day we get it — We join in our most friendly respects, and believe me, dear Foley, truly yours,

L. STERNE.

LETTER LXXIX

To the Same

TOULOUSE, Dec. 17, 1762.

MY DEAR FOLEY, — The post after I wrote last—I received yours with the enclosed draught upon the receiver, for which I return you all thanks — I have received this day likewise the box and tea all safe and sound — so we shall all of us be in our cups this Christmas, and drink without fear or stint — We begin to live extremely happy, and are all together every night — fiddling, laughing and singing, and cracking jokes. You will scarce believe the news I tell you — There is a company of English strollers arrived here, who are to act comedies all the Christmas, and are now busy in

making dresses and preparing some of our best comedies — Your wonder will cease, when I inform you these strollers are your friends with the rest of our society, to whom I proposed this scheme *soulagement* — and I assure you we do well. — The next week, with a grand orchestra — we play the Busy Body — and the Journey to London the week after, but I have some thoughts of adapting it to our situation — and making it the Journey to Toulouse, which, with the change of half a dozen scenes, — may be easily done. — Thus my dear F. for want of something better we have recourse to ourselves and strike out the best amusements we can from such materials. — My kind love and friendship to all my true friends —— My service to the rest. H[ewit]'s family have just left me, having been this last week with us — they will be with me all the holidays. — In summer we shall visit them, and so balance hospitalities. — Adieu, yours most truly,

L. STERNE.

LETTER LXXX

To Mr. Becket *

TOULOUSE, March 12th, 1763.

IT is some time, and indeed a long time, that I have neglected answering y^rs, I was some time in doubt whether I sh^d not defer writing and bring the acknowledgment myself, having thought I sh^d get back to England by April. I cannot accomplish this so soon, nor shall I defer it so long as to make it needful to send over before me the continuation of Shandy. You tell me you scarse sell any of them. I should be extreamly glad to know the exact account of what you have left upon y^r hands. I have no doubt upon my mind of the edition selling off, & I hope by this time you will have more hopes yourself. But be so good, dear Sir, as to write me a line in answer to

* [The letter is endorsed: Mr. Stern. Ans^d April 7th, 1763. The state of Shandy, viz.: —

Sold	182
Remnant	991
Acc^d for before	2824
N^o Printed	4000]

this. My sermons are ready with a month's labour, when I see a seasonable occasion for their appearance. I sh^d much sooner chuse you sh^d publish them, or what else I write, than any other.

[L. STERNE.]

LETTER LXXXI

To Mr. Foley, at Paris

TOULOUSE, March 29, 1763.

DEAR FOLEY, — Tho' that's a mistake! I mean the date of the place, for I write at Mr. H[ewit]'s in the country, and have been there with my people all the week — how does Tristram do? you say in yours to him — faith but so-so — the worst of human maladies is poverty — though that is a second lye — for poverty of spirit is worse than poverty of purse, by ten thousand per cent. — I inclose you a remedy for the one, a draught of a hundred and thirty pounds, for which I insist upon a rescription by the very return — or I will send you and all your commissaries to the d——l. —— I do not hear they have tasted of one fleshy banquet all this Lent. — you will make an excellent *grillé* — P—— they can make nothing of him, but *bouillon* — I mean my other two friends no ill — so shall send them a reprieve, as they acted out of necessity — not choice —— My kind respects to Baron D'Hol-

bach and all his household — Say all that 's kind for me to my other friends — you know how much, dear Foley, I am yours,

L. STERNE.

I have not five Louis to vapour with in this land of coxcombs — My wife's compliments.

LETTER LXXXII

To the Same

TOULOUSE, April 18, 1763.

DEAR FOLEY, — I thank you for your punctuality in sending me the rescription, and for your box by the courier, which came safe by last post. — I was not surprised much with your account of Lord ***** being obliged to give way — and for the rest, all follows in course. —— I suppose you will endeavour to fish and catch something for yourself in these troubled waters —— at least I wish you all a reasonable man can wish for himself —— which is wishing enough for you —— all the rest is in the brain —— Mr. Woodhouse (who you know) is also here —— he is a most amiable worthy man, and I have the pleasure

of having him much with me —— in a short time he proceeds to Italy. —— The first week in June, I decamp like a patriarch with my whole household, to pitch our tents for three months at the foot of the Pyrenean Hills, at Bagnieres, where I expect much health and much amusement from the concourse of adventurers from all corners of the earth. —— Mrs. M—— sets out at the same time, for another part of the Pyrenean Hills, at Courtray —— from whence to Italy —— This is the general plan of operation here —— except that I have some thoughts of spending the winter at Florence, and crossing over with my family to Leghorn by water —— and in April of returning by way of Paris home —— but this is a sketch only, for in all things I am governed by circumstances —— so that what is fit to be done on Monday, may be very unwise on Saturday —— On all days of the week believe me yours, with unfeigned truth,

L. STERNE.

P. S. — All compliments to my Parisian friends.

LETTER LXXXIII

To the Same

TOULOUSE, April 29, 1763.

MY DEAR FOLEY, — Last post my agent wrote me word he would send up from York a bill for fourscore guineas, with orders to be paid into Mr. Selwin's hands for me. This he said he would expedite immediately, so 'tis possible you may have had advice of it — and 'tis possible also the money may not be paid this fortnight; therefore, as I set out for Bagnieres in that time, be so good as to give me credit for the money for a few posts or so, and send me either a rescription for the money, or a draught for it — at the receipt of which we shall decamp for ten or twelve weeks —— You will receive twenty pounds more on my account, which send also — So much for that —— as for pleasure —— you have it all amongst you at Paris —— we have nothing here which deserves the name —— I shall scarce be tempted to sojourn another winter in Toulouse —— for I cannot say it suits my health, as I hoped —— 'tis too moist — and I cannot keep clear of

agues here —— so that if I stay the next winter on this side of the water —— 'twill be either at Nice or Florence — and I shall return to England in April — Wherever I am, believe me, dear Foley, that I am, yours faithfully,

L. STERNE.

Madame and Mademoiselle present their best compliments —— Remember me to all I regard, particularly Messrs. Panchaud, and the rest of your *houshold.*

LETTER LXXXIV

To Robert Hay Drummond, Archbishop of York

Toulouse, May 7, 1763.

My Lord, — Though there is little in this part of the world worth giving you an account of, and of myself, perhaps, the least of anything in it, yet bad as the subject is, it is my duty to say something about it, and your Grace, for that reason, I am sure, will bear with the trouble.

It was this time twelve months that I thought myself so far recovered, that I was preparing to return home, when the attention to my daughter's health, who had had an increase of an asthma under which she had lingered some time, determined my route otherwise ; as an original weakness of lungs was her case as well as my own, I thought it just to give the daughter the same chance for her life which had saved her father's. Of this I wrote y^{r} Grace a letter, but had scarce sent it to the post, when (from what cause I know not, except the extreme weakness of the organ) I broke a vessel in my lungs, w^{ch} could not be

closed till I had almost bled to death ; so that to the motives of going with my daughter into the south of France, I had that superadded — my own immediate preservation ; accordingly I have been fixed here with my family these ten months, and by God's blessing it has answered all I wished for, with regard to my daughter ; I cannot say so much for myself, having since the first day of my arrival here been in a continual warfare with agues, fevers, and physicians — the 1st brought my blood to so poor a state, that the physicians found it necessary to enrich it with strong bouillons, and strong bouillons and soups a santé threw me into fevers, and fevers brought on loss of blood, and loss of blood agues — so that as *war begets poverty, poverty peace,* etc. etc. — has this miserable constitution made all its revolutions ; how many more it may sustain, before its last and great one, God knows — like the rest of my species, I shall fence it off as long as I can. I am advised now to try the virtues of the waters of Banyars, and shall encamp like a patriarch wh my whole household upon the side of the Pyreneans, this summer and winter at Nice ; from whence in spring I shall return home, never, I fear, to be of service, at least

as a preacher. I have preached too much, my Lord, already; and was my age to be computed either by the number of sermons I have preached, or the infirmities they have brought upon me, I might be truly said to have the claim of a *Miles emeritus*, and was there a Hotel des Invalides for the reception of such established upon any salutary plain betwixt here and Arabia Felix, I wd. beg your Grace's interest to help me into it — as it is, I rest fully assured in my heart of yr. Grace's indulgence to me in my endeavours to add a few quiet years to this fragment of my life — and with my wishes for a long and a happy one to yr. Grace, I am, from the truest veneration of yr. character, — Your most dutiful servant, L. STERNE.

LETTER LXXXV

To Mr. Foley, at Paris

TOULOUSE, May 21, 1763.

I TOOK the liberty three weeks ago to desire you would be so kind as to send me fourscore pounds, having received a letter the same post from my Agent, that he would order the money to be paid to your correspondent in London in

a fortnight. — It is some disappointment to me that you have taken no notice of my letter, especially as I told you we waited for the money before we set out for Bagnieres — and so little distrust had I that such a civility would be refused me, that we have actually had all our things pack'd up these eight days, in hourly expectation of receiving a letter. — Perhaps my good friend has waited till he heard the money was paid in London — but you might have trusted to my honour —— that all the cash in your iron box (and all the bankers in Europe put together) could not have tempted me to say the thing *that is not.* — I hope before this you will have received an account of the money being paid in London — But it would have been taken kindly, if you had wrote me word you would transmit me the money when you had received it, but no sooner; for Mr. R[ay] of Montpellier, tho' I know him not, yet knows enough of me to have given me credit for a fortnight for ten times the sum. — I am, dear F[oley], your friend and hearty well-wisher, L. STERNE.

I saw the family of the H[ewits] yesterday, and asked them if you was in the land of the

living — They said yea —— for they had just received a letter from you. — After all, I heartily forgive you — for you have done me a signal service in mortifying me, and it is this, I am determined to grow rich upon it.

Adieu, and God send you wealth and happiness — All compliments to ——. Before April next I am obliged to revisit your metropolis in my way to England.

LETTER LXXXVI

To the Same

TOULOUSE, June 9, 1763.

MY DEAR FOLEY, — I this moment received yours —— consequently the moment I got it I sat down to answer it —— So much for a logical inference.

Now believe me I had never wrote you so testy a letter, had I not both loved and esteemed you — and it was merely in vindication of the rights of friendship that I wrote in a way as if I was hurt — for neglect me in your heart, I knew you could not, without cause; which my heart told me I never had — nor will ever give you: — I was the best friends

with you that ever I was in my life, before my letter had got a league, and pleaded the true excuse for my friend, " That he was oppressed with a multitude of business." Go on, my dear F, and have but that excuse (so much do I regard your interest) that I would be content to suffer a *real evil* without future murmuring — but in truth, my disappointment was partly chimerical at the bottom, having a letter of credit for two hundred pounds from a person I never saw, by me — but which out of nicety of temper I would not make any use of — I set out in two days for Bagnieres, but direct to me to Brousse, who will forward all my letters. — Dear F[oley] adieu. — Believe me yours affectionately, L. STERNE.

LETTER LXXXVII

To the Same

TOULOUSE, June 12, 1763.

DEAR FOLEY, — Luckily just before I was stepping into my chaise for Bagnieres, has a strayed fifty pound bill found its way to me; so I have sent it to its lawful owner inclosed. — My noodle of an agent, instead of getting

Mr. Selwin to advise you he had received the money (which would have been enough) has got a bill for it, and sent it rambling to the furthest part of France after me, and if it had not caught me just now it might have followed me into Spain, for I shall cross the Pyreneans, and spend a week in that kingdom, which is enough for a fertile brain to write a volume upon. — When I write the history of my travels — Memorandum! I am not to forget how honest a man I have for a banker at Paris. — But, my dear friend, when you say you dare trust me for what little occasions I may have, you have as much faith as honesty — and more of both than of good policy. — I thank you however ten thousand times — and except such liberty as I have lately taken with you — and that too at a pinch — I say beyond that I will not trespass upon your good-nature, or friendliness, to serve me. — God bless you, dear F[oley], I am yours whilst L. STERNE.

LETTER LXXXVIII

To Mr. Becket

BAGNERES DE BIGO,* GASCOIGNE EN FRANCE,
July 15, 1763.

DEAR SIR

I know not whether you rec^{d} it or no, but I wrote a Letter in Answer to y^{rs} of the 7th of April, which gave me the State of the Account of the 5 & 6th of Shandy — by w^{ch} it appear[s] You had still remaining in y^{r} hands 991 Copies & Consequently that since You settled with M^{rs} Sterne, You had sold 182 Copies; the purport of my Letter was therefore to desire You to remit me twenty pounds — but not having heard a word from You Since in answer, or any Intimation from M^{r} Foley my Banquer that he had rec^{d} the Summ, I suppose by some Accident or Mistake, my Letter never yet found its Way to You.

Since that time possibly You may [have] disposed of some more Copies, (& in Case you have not remitted the particular Sum I wrote

* [Bagnères-de-Bigorre.]

for.) be so kind as to remit me the ballance between in a Bill drawn upon Mr. Foley at Paris, & inclosed to me at this place, where I shall stay till the Spau Season is over, wch will be abt the middle of September. I shall be early in the Spring in England, & indeed should set out most willingly for it this Autumn, but that I dread the Effects of meeting the Winter wth You, after the warmth of this Climate; when the worst of the Winter is past I shall set out & without apprehension, being much recovered in my health.

I have sent from Bordeux a Box of Books I directed either to You or Mr. Edmands * — pray apprise him of it, in Case they shd be brought to him — & let him know they are all english Books, & printed in England — wch will make a difference in regard to the Duty — present my Comps to him & all who honour me wth an Enquiry —

I am dear Sir
Yrs truely
L. STERNE

* [Probably the Mr. Edmundson of Letters LXV. and XCIV.]

LETTER LXXXIX

To the Earl of Fauconberg

MONTPELIER, September 30, 1763.

I COULD not think of turning my face homewards without enquiring whether there was anything in this part of the world I could do or purchase for your lordship, before I decamped. I have run over everything in my mind, but can think of nothing except wine, of which I would gladly send you a hogshead as a specimen.

You must know, my Lord, that the vintage this year about Bourdeaux is quite destroyed by a terrible hail, which cut up all the vines throughout the whole district which furnishes you with so very much good claret in England. This, I find, has set many commissions a going in this neighbourhood, to buy up the strong, ordinary wines, which, — as they will bear the sea and can be shipped for 40*s.* a hogshead at Lett, near this town, and landed at London for 20*s.* more — will not be drunk at more than 2*s.*

a bottle. But your lordship understands this calculation better than I; this I am persuaded of, that many hundred tons will be both given and bought for French wine — which they truly are in one sense, though not in another. If, upon the whole, your lordship thinks a couple of hogsheads worth the duty, I should be very happy in being allowed to present you with them, which I will warrant shall be the best of their kind, as I am in particular friendship with a person here who has a large commission for the wines of this present vintage, to ship to London. Your lordship will let me have the honour of a line upon this head, and of a much more valuable one, your lordship's health, which I hope is better by Coxwould air and Coxwould exercise. The air is as cold, by fits, here as with you, and I'm persuaded in winter will be more thin and penetrating, but the air is elastic and the sky generally clear, and the temptations to get out o' doors more frequent. This place has had a bad character of late years as the grave of consumptive people. I see nothing yet to terrify me upon that score. It may do hurt, but where it does no hurt, I believe it will do great good, and for my own part, I love to run hazards rather than die by inches.

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I had proposed to have spent the winter months with my family at Aix or Marseilles. We have been there and found objections to both, to Marseilles especially, from the dearness of living and house-rent, which last was so enormous I could not take the most miserable apartments under nine or ten guineas a month. Every thing else in proportion, so we returned directly here — where things are moderate enough — though a third dearer than at Toulouse, where the cheapness and plenty of everything is astonishing. This weighs much with my wife, who being a good œconomist, has a strong desire to return there, and stay a year behind me with my daughter. She talks of nothing less than saving as much money in a year as will equip them in clothes, &c. for seven. My system is to let her please herself, so I shall return to Coxwould alone, and manage my health and self in my own country as well as I can in the future, for I'm more than half tired of France, as fine a country as it is — but there is the *pour* and the *contre* for every place — all which being balanced, I think Old England preferable to any kingdom in the world.

I beg pardon, my Lord, for this long letter,

and beg leave to present my respects and wishes to Lord Bellasyse, whom I hope to see as much honoured in the world for his good conduct and good heart as for his birth and title. Mr. Bellasyse I beg to be remembered to, and my wife and daughter join with me in all kind compliments to the ladies.

Postscript. — I purpose to set off for Coxwould about Candlemas day — or rather as soon as Mr. Chapman remits me my Christmas receipts, as I can neither leave Madame with an empty purse or travel eight hundred miles with one myself. If the weather is not too cold, I purpose, for the sake of avoiding both Paris and London, to return by Geneva, and then fall down the Rhine to Holland, by which means I shall see all the great cities upon the Rhine, and after a week's stay in Holland, may embark directly for Hull, and be landed within a day of my own parish.

[L. STERNE.]

LETTER XC

To Mr. Foley, at Paris

MONTPELLIER, October 5, 1763.

DEAR FOLEY, — I am ashamed I have not taken an opportunity of thanking you before now, for your friendly act of civility, in ordering Brousse, your correspondent at Toulouse, in case I should have occasion, to pay me fifteen hundred livres — which as I knew the offer came from your heart I made no difficulty of accepting. — In my way thro' Toulouse to Marseilles, where we have been, but neither liking the place nor Aix (particularly the latter, it being a parliament town, of which Toulouse has given me a surfeit) we have returned here, where we shall reside the winter — My wife and daughter purpose to stay a year at least behind me —— and when winter is over, to return to Toulouse, or go to Montaubon, where they will stay till they return, or I fetch them — For myself I shall set out in February for England, where my heart has

been fled these six months — but I shall stay a fortnight with my friends at Paris; tho' I verily believe, if it was not for the pleasure of seeing and chattering with you, I should pass on directly to Brussels, and so on to Rotterdam, for the sake of seeing Holland, and embark from thence to London — But I must stay a little with those I love and have so many reasons to regard — you cannot place too much of this to your own score. — I have had an offer of going to Italy a fortnight ago — but I must like my subject as well as the terms, neither of which were to my mind. — Pray what English have you at Paris? where is my young friend Mr. F[ox]? We hear of three or four English families coming to us here — If I can be serviceable to any you would serve, you have but to write. — Mr. H[ewit] has sent my friend W[oodhouse]'s picture — You have seen the original, or I would have sent it you — I believe I shall beg leave to get a copy of my own from yours, when I come in *propria persona* — till when, God bless you my dear friend, and believe me, most faithfully yours, L. STERNE.

LETTER XCI

To the Same

MONTPELLIER, January 5, 1764.

MY DEAR FRIEND, — You see I cannot pass over the fifth of the month without thinking of you, and writing to you — The last is a periodical habit — the first is from my heart, and I do it oftener than I remember — however, from both motives together I maintain I have a right to the pleasure of a single line — be it only to tell me how your watch goes — You know how much happier it would make me to know that all things belonging to you went on well. — You are going to have them all to yourself (I hear), and that Mr. S[elwin] is true to his first intention of leaving business — I hope this will enable you to accomplish yours in a shorter time, that you may get to your long wished for retreat of tranquillity and silence — When you have got to your fireside, and into your arm-chair (and by the by, have another to spare for a friend) and are so much

a sovereign as to sit in your furr'd cap (if you like it, tho' I should not, for a man's ideas are at least the cleaner for being dress'd decently), why then it will be a miracle if I do not glide in like a ghost upon you —— and in a very unghost-like fashion help you off with a bottle of your best wine.

January 15. — It does not happen every day that a letter begun in the most perfect health, should be concluded in the greatest weakness — I wish the vulgar high and low do not say it was a judgment upon me for taking all this liberty with *ghosts* — Be it as it may — I took a ride when the first part of this was wrote towards Perenas — and returned home in a shivering fit, tho' I ought to have been in a fever, for I had tired my beast; and he was as unmoveable as Don Quixote's wooden horse, and my arm was half dislocated in whipping him — This quoth I is inhuman — No, says a peasant on foot behind me, I'll drive him home — so he laid on his posteriors, but 'twas needless — as his face was turn'd towards Montpellier, he began to trot. — But to return, this fever has confined me ten days in my bed — I have suffered in this scuffle with death terribly — but unless the spirit of prophecy

deceive me — I shall not die but live — in the meantime, dear F. let us live as merrily but *as innocently* as we can — It has ever been as good, if not better, than a bishoprick to me — and *I desire no other* — Adieu my dear friend and believe me yours, L. S.

Please to give the enclosed to Mr. T[ollot], and tell him I thank him cordially from my heart for his great *good-will.*

LETTER XCII

To the Same

MONTPELLIER, January 20 [1764].*

MY DEAR FRIEND, — Hearing by Lord Rochford who in passing through here in his way to Madrid has given me a call, that my worthy friend Mr. Fox was now at Paris — I have inclosed a letter to him, which you will present in course or direct to him. — I suppose you are full of English — but in short we are here as if in another world, where unless some stray'd soul arrives, we know nothing of what is going on in yours — Lord G——r I suppose

* ["1764" was added in 1780.]

is gone from Paris, or I had wrote also to him. I know you are as busy as a bee, and have few moments to yourself — nevertheless bestow one of them upon an old friend and write me a line — and if Mr. F[ox] is too idle and has aught to say to me, pray write a second line for him — We had a letter from Miss P—— this week, who it seems has decamp'd for ever from Paris — *All is for the best* — which is my general reflection upon many things in this world. — Well! I shall shortly come and shake you by the hand in St. Sauveur —— if still you are there. — My wife returns to Toulouse and purposes to spend the summer at Bagnieres — I on the contrary go and visit my wife the church in Yorkshire. — We all live the longer — at least the happier, for having things our own way. — This is my conjugal maxim — I own 'tis not the best of maxims — but I maintain 'tis not the worst. Adieu dear F[oley], and believe me, yours with truth,

L. STERNE.

LETTER XCIII

To Mrs. F[erguson]

MONTPELLIER, February 1, 1764.

I AM preparing, my dear Mrs. F. to leave France, for I am heartily tired of it — That insipidity there is in French characters has disgusted your friend Yorick. —— I have been dangerously ill, and cannot think that the sharp air of Montpellier has been of service to me — and so my physicians told me when they had me under their hands for above a month — if you stay any longer here, Sir, it will be fatal to you — And why good people were you not kind enough to tell me this sooner? — After having discharged them, I told Mrs. Sterne that I should set out for England very soon, but as she chuses to remain in France for two or three years, I have no objection, except that I wish my girl in England. — The states of Languedoc are met — 'tis a fine raree-shew, with the usual accompanyments of fiddles, bears, and puppet-shews. — I believe I shall

step into my post-chaise with more alacrity to fly from these sights, than a Frenchman would fly to them — and except a tear at parting with my little slut, I shall be in high spirits, and every step I take that brings me nearer England, will I think help to set this poor frame to rights. Now pray write to me directed to Mr. F[oley] at Paris, and tell me what I am to bring you over. — How do I long to greet all my friends! few do I value more than yourself. — My wife chuses to go to Montauban, rather than stay here, in which I am truely passive. — If this should not find you at Bath, I hope it will be forwarded to you, as I wish to fulfill your commissions — and so adieu — Accept every warm wish for your health, and believe me ever yours, L. STERNE.

P. S. — My physicians have almost poisoned me with what they call *bouillons refraichissants* — 'tis a cock flead alive and boiled with poppy seeds, then pounded in a mortar, afterwards pass'd through a sieve — There is to be one crawfish in it, and I was gravely told it must be a male one — a female would do me more hurt than good.

LETTER XCIV

To Mr. Becket

PARIS, March 20th 1764.

DEAR SIR, — I have desired Mr. Chapman to send you up a small Bill — be so good the Moment you recve it — to let me know & I can draw upon you for it here, wch is a shorter cut than paying it into a banquers hand & sending me a bill & besides saves one half. I set out with 3 Gentlemen abt the middle of April for London — In the mean time direct for me a L'Hôtel d'Intragen Rùè Toumon pres de Luxembourg. Paris. — my Comps, to Mr. Edmundson & all friends —

Yrs L. STERNE.

P. S.

Have you sold any Shandys since Christmas? — how many?

LETTER XCV

To Miss Sterne

PARIS, May 15, 1764.

MY DEAR LYDIA, — By this time I suppose your mother and self are fixed at Montauban, and I therefore direct to your banker, to be delivered to you. — I acquiesced in your staying in France — likewise it was your mother's wish — but I must tell you both (that unless your health had not been a plea made use of) I should have wished you both to return with me. — I have sent you the Spectators, and other books, particularly Metastasio; but I beg my girl to read the former, and only make the latter her amusement. — I hope you have not forgot my last request, to make no friendships with the French-women — not that I think ill of them all, but sometimes women of the best principles are the most *insinuating* — nay I am so jealous of you that I should be miserable were I to see you had the least grain of coquettry in your composition. — You

have enough to do — for I have also sent you a guittar — and as you have no genius for drawing (tho' you never could be made to believe it) pray waste not your time about it — Remember to write to me as to a friend — in short whatever comes into your little head, and then it will be natural. — If your mother's rheumatism continues and she chooses to go to Bagnieres —— tell her not to be stopped for want of money, for my purse shall be as open as my heart. I have preached at the ambassador's chapel — Hezekiah * — (an odd subject your mother will say) There was a concourse of all nations, and religions too. — I shall leave Paris in a few days — I am lodged in the same hotel with Mr. T[ollot] they are good and generous souls — Tell your mother that I hope she will write to me, and that when she does so, I may also receive a letter from my Lydia.

Kiss your mother from me, and believe me, your affectionate L. STERNE.

* [SERMON XVII.]

LETTER XCVI

To John Hall Stevenson, Esq.

PARIS, May 19, 1764.

MY DEAR COSIN, — We have been talking and projecting about setting out from this city of seductions every day this month, so that allowing me three weeks to ruminate upon y^r^ Letter, and this month pasd in Projections, and some other things of the same termination, I account for this sin of omission to you, without pretending to excuse it — '*God be merciful to me a sinner*' — or sometimes, dear Sir, or dear Madame, be merciful, &c. (just as the case happens) is all I have gen^lly^ to say for what I do, and what I do not: all which being premised, I have been for eight weeks smitten with the tenderest passion that ever tender wight underwent. I wish, dear cosin, thou couldest concieve (perhaps thou can'st without my wishing it) how deliciously I can-

ter'd away with it the first month, two up, two down, always upon my hânches along the streets from my hôtel to hers, at first, once — then twice, then three times a day, till at length I was within an ace of setting up my hobby horse in her stable for good an all. I might as well considering how the enemies of the Lord have blasphemed thereupon; the last three weeks we were every hour upon the doleful ditty of parting — and thou mayest concieve, dear cosin, how it alter'd my gaite and air — for I went and came like any louden'd carl, and did nothing but mix tears, and *Jouer des sentiments* with her from sun-rising even to the setting of the same; and now she is gone to the South of France, and to finish the comedie, I fell ill, and broke a vessel in my lungs and half bled to death. Voila mon Histoire! We are now setting out without let or hindrance and shall be in London ye 29th, Dijs, Deabusque volentibus. Tollot sends a thousand kind greetings along with those of our family, to you, he has had a very bad spring of it, from a scoundril relaxation of his nervous system, wch had God sent us warmer weather, he would have recover'd more speedily — his journey wth its change of air, will I hope,

sett him up; why may not we all meet for a fortnight at Scarborugh this summer? I wish you would say you would, and I would settle the party, before I leave London: write a line to us at Thornhil's, where I shall be whilst in town. We want sadly to see y^r preachment — the report from me, made y^r hero an inch higher — I see him every day, and without much, or indeed any precaution; for he visits and is visited by the English of all persuasion — as well by In's as Out's: you will scarse believe I dined with him and Lord Tavistoc, t'other day, and with Lord Beauchamp, our ambassador's son and him &c., three days ago. He is eternally joyous and jocundiss^m; and I think to a greater degree, than in those days when had more occasion. I pity him from my soul: He talks of decamping from hence to sojourn in Italy, as soon as the *take* of his hôtel is expired, w^ch was for a year; I think Italy is not the place for him — but he has reasons w^ch I see not. On Thursday morning we set out from foutre-land, tho' we ought not to abuse it — for we have lived (shag rag and bobtail), all of us, a most jolly nonsensical life of it, and so dear cosin Antony adieu, in full hopes on my side, that I shall spend

many still more joyous deliriums with you over many a pint of Burgundy — so be it. Yr affectte Cosin, L. STERNE.

To John Hall Stevenson, Esqr
at Skelton Castle,
near Guisbro',
Yorkshire.
Angleterre.

LETTER XCVII

To Mr. Foley, at Paris

York, August 6, 1764.

My dear Foley, — There is a young lady with whom I have sent a letter to you, who will arrive at Paris in her way to Italy — her name is Miss Tuting; a lady known and loved by the whole kingdom — if you can be of any aid to her in your advice, &c. as to her journey, &c. your good nature and politeness, I am sure, need no spur from me to do it. I was sorry we were like the two buckets of a well, whilst in London, for we were never able to be both resident together the month I continued in and about the environs. —— If I get a cough this winter which holds me three days, you will certainly see me at Paris the week following, for now I abandon everything in this world to health and to my friends — for the last sermon that I shall ever preach, was preach'd at Paris —— so I am altogether an idle man, or rather a free one, which is

better. I sent, last post, twenty pounds to Mrs. Sterne, which makes a hundred pounds remitted, since I got here — You must pay yourself what I owe you out of it — and place the rest to account. — Betwixt this and Lady-day next, Mrs. Sterne will draw from time to time upon you to about the amount of a hundred louis — but not more —— (I think) I having left her a hundred in her pocket. — But you shall always have money beforehand of mine — and she purposes to spend no further than five thousand livres in the year — but twenty pound, this way or that, makes no difference between us — Give my kindest compliments to Mr. P[anchaud]. I have a thousand things to say to you, and would go half way to Paris to tell them you in your ear. — The Messrs. T[ollot], H[ewit], &c. and many more of your friends with whom I am now, send their services — Mine to all friends — Yours, dear F. most truly, L. STERNE.

LETTER XCVIII

To J[ohn] H[all] S[tevenson], Esq.

September 4, 1764.

Now, my dear, dear Anthony — I do not think a week or ten days playing the good fellow (at this very time) at Scarborough so abominable a thing — but if a man could get there cleverly, and every soul in his house in the mind to try what could be done in furtherance thereof, I have no one to consult in this affair — therefore as a man may do worse things, the English of all which is this, that I am going to leave a few poor sheep here in the wilderness for fourteen days — and from pride and naughtiness of heart to go and see what is doing at Scarborough — stedfastly meaning afterwards to lead a new life and strengthen my faith. — Now some folks say there is much company there —— and some say not — and I believe there is neither the one or the other — but will be both, if the world will have but a month's patience or so. — No, my dear

H[all] I did not delay sending your letter directly to the post — As there are critical times or rather turns and revolutions in *** humours, I knew not what the delay of an hour might hazard — I will answer for him, he has seventy times seven forgiven you —— and as often wish'd you at the d——l. —— After many oscillations the pendulum will rest firm as ever. ————

I send all kind compliments to Sir C[harles] D[anvers] and G——s — I love them from my soul. — If G[ilber]t is with you, him also. — I go on, not rapidly, but well enough with my uncle Toby's amours — There is no sitting, and cudgeling ones brains whilst the sun shines bright — 'twill be all over in six or seven weeks, and there are dismal months enow after to endure suffocation by a brimstone fire-side. — If you can get to Scarborough, do. — A man who makes six tons of alum a week, may do anything — Lord Granby is to be there ——— What a temptation! Yours affectionately,

L. STERNE.

LETTER XCIX

To the Same

COXWOULD, Thursday September, 1764.*

MY DEAR COUSIN, — I am but this moment return'd from Scarborough, where I have been drinking the waters ever since the races, and have received marvellous strength, had I not debilitated it as fast as I got it, by playing the good fellow with Lord Granby and Co. too much. I rejoice you have been encamp'd at Harrowgate, from which, by now, I suppose you are decamp'd — otherwise as idle a beast as I have been, I would have sacrificed a few days to the god of laughter with you and your jolly set. — I have done nothing good that I know of, since I left you, except paying off your guinea and a half to K——, in my way thro' York hither — I must try now and do better — Go on, and prosper for a month, — Your affectionate L. STERNE.

* [The date was added in 1780.]

LETTER C

To Mr. Foley, at Paris

York, September 29, 1764.

My dear Friend, — I have just had the honour of a letter from Miss Tuting, full of the acknowledgments of your attention and kind services to her; I will not believe these arose from the D[uke] of A[lbany]'s letters, nor mine. Surely *she needed no* recommendation ——— the truest and most honest compliment I can pay you, is to say they came from your own good heart, only you was introduced to the object—for the rest follow'd in course — However let me cast in my mite of thanks to the treasury which belongs to good natured actions. I have been with Lord G[ranb]y these three weeks at Scarborough — the pleasures of which I found somewhat more exalted than those of Bagnieres last year — I am now returned to my Philosophical Hut to finish Tristram, which I calculate will be ready for the world about Christmas, at which time I decamp from hence, and fix my head quarters

at London for the winter — unless my cough pushes me forwards to your Metropolis — or that I can persuade some *gros* my Lord to take a trip to you — I'll try if I can make him relish the joys of the *Tuileries, Opera Comique, &c.*

I had this week a letter from Mrs. Sterne from Montauban, in which she tells me she has occasion for fifty pounds immediately — Will you send an order to your correspondent at Montauban to pay her so much cash — and I will in three weeks send as much to Becket — But as her purse is low, for God's sake write directly. — Now you must do something equally essential — to rectify a mistake in the mind of your correspondent there, who it seems gave her a hint not long ago, "*that she was separated from me for life.*" — Now as this is not true in the first place, and may give a disadvantageous impression of her to those she lives amongst ——— 'twould be unmerciful to let her, or my daughter, suffer by it; so do be so good as to undeceive him — for in a year or two she proposes (and indeed I expect it with impatience from her) to rejoin me — and tell them I have all the confidence in the world she will not spend more than I can

afford, and I only mention'd two hundred guineas a year — because 'twas right to name some certain sum, for which I beg'd you to give her credit. — I write to you of all my most intimate concerns, as to a brother, so excuse me dear Foley. God bless you — Believe me, yours affectionately,

L. STERNE.

Compliments to Mr. Panchaud, D'Holbach, &c.

LETTER CI

To Robert Hay Drummond, Archbishop of York

COXWOULD, October 30, 1764.*

MY LORD, — I know not whether I did do right or wrong in signing the testimonial of Mr. Kilner, my curate's, behaviour for three years, during the greatest part of which time I was in another country and could know nothing at all of the matter; but I believed your Grace's good temper would give the only good interpretation it could admit of, and that all I meant was to certify for his morals and good behaviour for the little time I knew him before I went abroad, and for the few months I have been with him since my return. I had this, moreover, to have added that he came well recommended; that his character in this parish is very good, and that the man is well liked as a quiet and an honest man, and withal

* [In 1891 there was sold at Sotheby's, an agreement with a curate of his, Mr. John Walker, who was to 'serve' Stillington at £40 a year. — *Fitzgerald.*]

as a good reader and preacher — I think him so myself — and had it not been impertinent to speak to a point, of which your Grace is this moment going to be a judge, I believe him a good scholar also — I do not say a graceful one — for his bodily presence is mean; and were he to stand for Ordination before a Popish Bishop, the poor fellow would be disabled by a Canon in a moment.

I beg a thousand pardons of y^r^ Grace for taking the liberty of saying a word more upon this than I had strictly occasion for, the whole purport of my letter being simply this — "to assure your Grace I had no intent of deceiving you;" I am sure I could have no interest, for by long and obstinate coughs, and unaccountable hemorrhages in my lungs, and a thorough relaxation of the organ (or something worse) in consequence of them. I am foretold by the best physicians, both in France and here, that 'twill be fatal to me to preach; indeed, nature tells me I have no powers, and the last poor experiment I made in preaching at the Ambassador's chapel at Paris (tho' no larger than y^r^ Grace's dining-room), had liked to have fulfill'd their predictions — for w^ch^ reason, as I cannot discharge my duty myself,

'tis the more incumbent on me to have it unexceptionably done by others.

I beg pardon, my Lord, once more, for giving you this trouble;

And wish your Grace very truly and cordially many many years of good health, without all this anxiety to preserve it.

I am, with duty and esteem,

Y^r^ Grace's most faithful servant,

LAU. STERNE.

LETTER CII

To Mr. Foley at Paris

York, November 11, 1764.

My dear Friend, — I sent ten days ago, a bank bill of thirty pounds to Mr. Becket, and this post one of sixty — When I get to London, which will be in five weeks, you will receive what shall always keep you in bank for Mrs. Sterne; in the meantime I have desired Becket to send you fourscore pounds, and if my wife, before I get to London, should have occasion for fifty louis, let her not wait a minute, and if I have not paid it, a week or a fortnight I know will break no squares with a good and worthy friend. — I will contrive to send you these two new volumes of Tristram, as soon as ever I get them from the press. — You will read as odd a tour thro' France as ever was projected or executed by traveller, or travel-writers, since the world began. — 'Tis a laughing good temper'd satire against travelling (as *puppies* travel) — Panchaud will enjoy

it — I am quite civil to your Parisians — *et pour cause* you know — 'tis likely I may see them in spring — Is it possible for you to get me over a copy of my picture any how? If so I would write to Mademoiselle N—— to make as good a copy from it as she possibly could — with a view to do her service here — and I would remit her the price — I really believe it would be the parent of a dozen portraits to her, if she executes it with the spirit of the original in your hands — for it will be seen by many — and as my phiz is as remarkable as myself, if she preserves the true character of both, it will do her honour and service too. — Write me a line about this, and tell me you are well and happy — Will you present my kind respects to the worthy Baron — I shall send him one of the best impressions of my picture from Mr. Reynold's — another to Monsieur P——. My love to Mr. S[elwin] and P[anchau]d. I am most truly yours,

L. STERNE.

LETTER CIII

To J[ohn] H[all] S[tevenson], Esq.

November 13, 1764.

My dear Cousin, — 'Tis a church militant week with me, full of marches, and countermarches — and treaties about Stillington common, which we are going to inclose — otherwise I would have obey'd your summons — and yet I could not well have done it this week neither, having receiv'd a letter from C——, who has been very ill; and is coming down to stay a week or ten days with me. — Now I know he is ambitious of being better acquainted with you; and longs from his soul for a sight of you in your own castle. — I cannot do otherwise, than bring him with me — nor can I gallop away and leave him an empty house to pay a visit to from London, as he comes half express to see me. — I thank you for the care of my northern vintage — I fear after all I must give it a fermentation on the other side of the Alps, which is better

than being on the lees with it — but *nous verrons* — yet I fear as it has got such hold of my brain and comes upon it like an armed man at nights — I must give way for quietness sake, or be hag-ridden with the conceit of it all my life long. — I have been *Miss-ridden* this last week by a couple of romping girls (*bien mises et comme il faut*) who might as well have been in the house with me, (tho' perhaps not, my retreat here is too quiet for them) but they have taken up all my time, and have given my judgment and fancy more airings than they wanted. — These things accord not well with sermon making — but 'tis my vile errantry, as Sancho says, and that is all that can be made of it. — I trust all goes swimmingly on with your alum; that the works amuse you, and call you twice out (at least) a day. — I shall see them I trust in ten days, or thereabout — If it was any way possible, I would set out this moment, tho' I have no cavalry — (*except a she ass*). Give all friendly respects to Mrs. C. and to Col. H[all]'s, and the garrison, both of Guisbro and Skelton. — I am, dear Anthony, affectionately yours,

L. STERNE.

LETTER CIV

To Mr. Foley, at P[aris]

York, November 16, 1764.

My dear Friend, — Three posts before I had the favour of yours (which is come to hand this moment) I had wrote to set Mrs. Sterne right in her mistake — That you had any money of mine in your hands — being very sensible that the hundred pounds I had sent you, thro' Becket's hands, was but about what would balance with you — The reason of her error was owing to my writing her word, I would send you a bill in a post or two for fifty pounds —— which, my finances falling short just then, I deferr'd —— so that I had paid nothing to any one — but was however come to York this day, and I have sent you a draught for a hundred pounds —— in honest truth a fortnight ago I had not the cash — but I am as honest as the king (as Sancho Pança says) *only not so rich.*

Therefore if Mrs. Sterne should want thirty louis more, let her have them —— and I will balance all (which will not be much) with honour at Christmas, when I shall be in London, having now just finish'd my two volumes of Tristram. — I have some thoughts of going to Italy this year — at least I shall not defer it above another. —— I have been with Lord Granby, and with Lord Shelburne, but am now sat down till December in my sweet retirement. — I wish you was sat down as happily, and as free of all worldly cares —— In a few years, my dear F., I hope to see you a real country gentleman, tho' not altogether exiled from your friends in London — there I shall spend every winter of my life, in the same lap of contentment, where I enjoy myself now —— and wherever I go — we must bring three parts in four of the treat along with us —— In short we must be happy within —— and then few things without us make much difference — This is my Shandean philosophy. — You will read a comic account of my journey from Calais, thro' Paris, to the Garonne, in these volumes — my friends tell me they are done with spirit —— it must speak for itself — Give my

kind respects to Mr. Selwin and my friend Panchaud—— When you see Baron d'Holbach, present him my respects, and believe me, dear F. your's cordially,

L. STERNE.

LETTER CV

To David Garrick, Esq.

LONDON, March 16, 1765.

DEAR GARRICK, — I threatened you with a letter in one I wrote a few weeks ago to Foley, but (to my shame be it spoken) I lead such a life of dissipation I have never had a moment to myself which has not been broke in upon, by one engagement or impertinence or another —— and as plots thicken towards the latter end of a piece, I find, unless I take pen and ink just now, I shall not be able to do it, till either I am got into the country, or you to the city. You are teized and tormented too much by your correspondents, to return to us, and with accounts how much your friends, and how much your Theatre wants you — so that I will not magnify either our loss or yours —— but hope cordially to see you soon. — Since I wrote last I have frequently stept into your house — that is, as frequently as I could take the whole party, where I dined,

along with me — This was but justice to you, as I walk'd in as a wit — but with regard to myself, I balanced the account thus — I am sometimes in my friend [Garrick]'s house, but he is always in Tristram Shandy's — where my friends say he will continue (and I hope the prophecy true for my own immortality) even when he himself is no more.

I have had a lucrative winter's campaign here — Shandy sells well — I am taxing the public with two more volumes of sermons, which will more than double the gains of Shandy — It goes into the world with a prancing list *de toute la noblesse* — which will bring me in three hundred pounds, exclusive of the sale of the copy — so that with all the contempt of money which *ma façon de penser* has ever impress'd on me, I shall be rich in spite of myself: but I scorn, you must know, in the high *ton* I take at present, to pocket all this trash — I set out to lay a portion of it in the service of the world, in a tour round Italy, where I shall spring game, or the deuce is in the dice. — In the beginning of September I quit England, that I may avail myself of the time of vintage, when all nature is joyous, and so saunter philosophically for

a year or so, on the other side the Alps. — I hope your pilgrimages have brought Mrs. Garrick and yourself back *à la fleur de jeunesse* — May you both long feel the sweets of it, and your friends with you. — Do, dear friend, make my kindest wishes and compliments acceptable to the best and wisest of the daughters of Eve — You shall ever believe and ever find me affectionately yours,

L. STERNE.

LETTER CVI

To the Same

BATH, April 6, 1765.

I SCALP you! —— my dear Garrick! my dear friend! — Foul befal the man who hurts a hair of your head! — and so full was I of that very sentiment, that my letter had not been put into the post-office ten minutes, before my heart smote me; and I sent to recall it — but failed — You are sadly to blame, Shandy! for this, quoth I, leaning with my head on my hand, as I recriminated upon my false delicacy in the affair — Garrick's nerves (if he has any left) are as fine and delicately spun as thy own — his sentiments as honest and friendly — thou knowest, Shandy, that he loves thee — why wilt thou hazard him a moment's pain? Puppy! fool, coxcomb, jackass, &c. &c. — and so I balanced the account to your favour, before I received it drawn up in *your way* — I say *your way* — for it is not stated so much to your honour and credit, as I had passed the account before — for it was a most lamented truth, that I never

received one of the letters your friendship meant me, except whilst in Paris. — Oh! how I congratulate you for the anxiety the world has, and continues to be under, for your return. — Return, return to the few who love you and the thousands who admire you. — The moment you set your foot upon your stage — mark! I tell it you — by some magic, irresisted power, every fibre about your heart will vibrate afresh, and as strong and feelingly as ever — Nature, with glory at her back, will light up the torch within you —— and there is enough of it left, to heat and enlighten the world these many, many, many years.

Heaven be praised! (I utter it from my soul) that your Lady, and my Minerva, is in a condition to walk to Windsor — full rapturously will I lead the graceful pilgrim to the temple, where I will sacrifice with the purest incense to her — but you may worship with me, or not — 'twill make no difference either in the truth or warmth of my devotion — still (after all I have seen) I still maintain her peerless.

Powell! good Heaven! — give me some one with less smoke and more fire — There are who, like the Pharisees, still think they shall

be heard for *much* speaking — Come —— come away my dear Garrick and teach us another lesson.

Adieu! — I love you dearly —— and your lady better — not hobby horsically —— but most sentimentally and affectionately —— for I am yours (that is if you never say another word about ——) with all the sentiments of love and friendship you deserve from me,

L. STERNE.

LETTER CVII

To Mr. Foley

BATH, April 15, 1765.

MY DEAR FOLEY, — My wife tells me she has drawn for one hundred pounds, and 'tis fit that you should be paid it that minute — the money is now in Becket's hands — send me, my dear Foley, my account, that I may discharge the balance to this time, and know what to leave in your hands — I have made a good campaign of it this year in the field of the *literati* — my two volumes of Tristram, and two of Sermons, which I shall print very soon, will bring me a considerable sum. — Almost all the nobility in England honour me with their names, and 'tis thought it will be the largest and most splendid list which ever pranced before a book, since subscriptions came into fashion. — Pray present my most sincere compliments to Lady H——, whose name I hope to insert with many others. — As so many men of genius furnish me with their names also, I will quarrel with Mr. Hume,

and call him Deist, and what not, unless I have his name too. — My love to Lord W——. Your name, Foley, I have put in as a free-will offering of my labours — your list of subscribers you will send — 'tis but a crown for sixteen sermons — Dog cheap! but I am in quest of honour, not money. — Adieu, adieu, Believe me, dear Foley, yours truly,

L. STERNE.

LETTER CVIII

To Lady P[ercy]

MOUNT COFFEE-HOUSE, [LONDON],
Tuesday 3 o'clock, [April 23, 1765].*

THERE is a strange mechanical effect produced in writing a billet-doux within a stone-

* [This has become one of the most famous letters because of Thackeray's use of it in the lecture on "Sterne and Goldsmith" in the *English Humourists*. The lady to whom it is addressed was Anne, daughter to John Stuart, third Earl of Bute. On July 2, 1764, she was married to Hugh Percy, second Duke of Northumberland, who afterwards distinguished himself as an officer in the war with the American colonies. Divorced from her husband in 1779, she subsequently became mistress to Stephen Sayre, "the noted sheriff" sent to the Tower for treason. — Nichols, *Literary History*, vii. 483.

In all editions of Sterne since 1780, the letter has appeared among those for the last part of April, 1767. Thackeray referred to it to show that Sterne was only shamming his passion for Mrs. Draper — the Eliza of a series of letters. But we now know that Sterne was too ill at that time to visit Lady Percy or anyone else. In 1766 he was abroad. Hence the only year left for the letter is 1768 or 1765. If he cannot make an engagement with Lady Percy, Sterne says that he is going to Miss *******'s benefit. No unmarried actress had a benefit on a Tuesday in the spring of 1768 before March 18, the date of Sterne's death. But on Tuesday, April 23, 1765, benefits were given to Miss Wright at Drury Lane, and to Miss Wilford at Covent Garden. The seven stars correspond to the letters in the name of Miss Wilford. She was a beautiful dancer who made her first appearance as an actress on that evening. — Genest, *History of the Stage*, vol. v.]

cast of the lady who engrosses the heart and soul of an inamorato — for this cause (but mostly because I am to dine in this neighbourhood) have I, Tristram Shandy, come forth from my lodgings to a coffee-house the nearest I could find to my dear Lady [Percy]'s and have called for a sheet of gilt paper, to try the truth of this article of my creed — Now for it —

O my dear lady —— what a dish clout of a soul hast thou made of me! — I think, by the by, this is a little too familiar an introduction, for so unfamiliar a situation as I stand in with you — where Heaven knows, I am kept at a distance — and despair of getting one inch nearer you, with all the steps and windings I can think of to recommend myself to you — Would not any man in his senses run diametrically from you — and as far as his legs would carry him, rather than thus causelessly, foolishly, and fool-hardily expose himself afresh — and afresh, where his heart and his reason tells him he shall be sure to come off loser, if not totally undone? — Why would you tell me you would be glad to see me? — Does it give you pleasure to make me more unhappy — or does it add to your triumph, that your eyes

and lips have turned a man into a fool, whom the rest of the town is courting as a wit? — I am a fool —— the weakest, the most ductile, the most tender fool, that ever woman tried the weakness of — and the most unsettled in my purposes and resolutions of recovering my right mind. — It is but an hour ago, that I kneeled down and swore I never would come near you — and after saying my Lord's Prayer for the sake of the close, *of not being led into temptation* — out I sailed like any Christian hero, ready to take the field against the world, the flesh, and the devil; not doubting but I should finally trample them all down under my feet — and now am I got so near you —within this vile stone's cast of your house — I feel myself drawn into a vortex, that has turned my brain upside downwards, and though I had purchased a box ticket to carry me to Miss *******'s benefit, yet I know very well, that was a single line directed to me, to let me know Lady [Percy] would be alone at seven, and suffer me to spend the evening with her, she would infallibly see everything verified I have told her. — I dine at Mr. C[owpe]r's in Wigmore street, in this neighbourhood, where I shall stay till seven, in hopes you purpose to

put me to this proof. If I hear nothing by that time I shall conclude you are better disposed of — and shall take a sorry hack, and sorrily jogg on to the play — Curse on the word. I know nothing but sorrow — except this one thing, that I love you (perhaps foolishly, but) most sincerely, L. STERNE.

LETTER CIX

To Mr. W[oodhouse]

COXWOULD, May 23, 1765.

AT this moment I am sitting in my summer-house with my head and heart full, not of my Uncle Toby's amours with the Widow Wadman, but my sermons —— and your letter has drawn me out of a pensive mood — the spirit of it *pleaseth me* — but in this solitude, what can I tell or write to you but about myself — I am glad that you are in love — 'twill cure you (at least) of the spleen, which has a bad effect on both man and woman — I myself must ever have some dulcinea in my head — it harmonises the soul — and in those cases I first endeavour to make the lady believe so, or rather I begin first to make myself believe that I am in love — but I carry on my affairs quite in the French way, sentimentally, —— "*l'amour*" (say they) "*n'est rien sans sentiment*" — Now notwithstanding they make such a pother about the *word*, they have no

precise idea annex'd to it — And so much for that same subject called love — I must tell you how I have just treated a French gentleman of fortune in France, who took a liking to my daughter — Without any ceremony (having got my direction from my wife's banker) he wrote me word that he was in love with my daughter, and desired to know what *fortune* I would give her at present, and how much at my *death* — by the by, I think there was very little *sentiment* on *his side* — My answer was, "Sir, I will give her ten thousand pounds the day of marriage — my calculation is as follows — she is not eighteen, you are sixty-two — there goes five thousand pounds — then Sir, you at least think her not ugly — she has many accomplishments, speaks Italian, French, plays upon the guittar, and as I fear you play upon no instrument whatever, I think you will be happy to take her at my terms, for here finishes the account of the ten thousand pounds" — I do not suppose but he will take this as I mean, that is —— a flat refusal. — I have had a parsonage house burnt down by the carelessness of my curate's wife — as soon as I can I must rebuild it, I trow — but I lack the means at present —— yet I am never

happier than when I have not a shilling in my pocket — for when I have I can never call it my own. — Adieu my dear friend — may you enjoy better health than me, tho' not better spirits, for that is impossible. — Yours sincerely,

L. STERNE.

My compliments to the Col.

LETTER CX*

To Mrs. M[ea]d[ow]s

COXWOULD, July 21, 1765.

THE first time I have dipped my pen into the ink-horn for this week past is to write to you, and to thank you most sincerely for your kind epistle — Will this be a sufficient apology for my letting it be ten days upon my table without answering it — I trust it will — I am sure my own feelings tell me so, because I felt it impossible to do anything that is ungracious towards you. — It is not every hour, or day, or week of a man's life that is a fit season for the duties of friendship — sentiment is not always at hand — pride and folly, and what is called business, oftentimes keep it at a distance — and without sentiment, what is friendship? — a name, a shadow! —— But, to prevent a misapplication

* [A history of this letter, which may be spurious, is given in the Introduction.]

of this, (though why should I fear it from so kind and gentle a spirit as your's) — you must know, that by carelessness of my curate, or his wife, or his maid, or some one within his gates, the parsonage-house at Sutton was burnt to the ground, with the furniture that belonged to me, and a pretty good collection of books; the loss three hundred and fifty pounds — The poor man with his wife took the wings of the next morning, and fled away — this has given me real vexation, for so much was my pity and esteem for him, that as soon as I heard of this disaster, I sent to desire he would come and take up his abode with me till another habitation was ready to receive him — but he was gone — and, as I am told, through fear of my persecution. — Heavens! how little did he know of me to suppose I was among the number of those wretches that heap misfortune upon misfortune — and when the load is almost insupportable, still to add to the weight! God, who reads my heart, knows it to be true — that I wish rather to share, than to encrease the burthen of the miserable — to dry up, instead of adding a single drop to the stream of sorrow. — As for the dirty trash of this world, I regard it not — the loss of it does not

cost me a sigh, for after all, I may say with the Spanish Captain, that I am as good a gentleman as the king, only not quite so rich.

But to the point: Shall I expect you here this summer? — I much wish that you may make it convenient to gratify me in a visit for a few weeks — I will give you a roast fowl for your dinner, and a clean table-cloth every day — and tell you a story by way of desert — in the heat of the day we will sit in the shade — and in the evening the fairest of all the milk-maids who pass by my gate, shall weave a garland for you. — If I should not be so fortunate, contrive to meet me the beginning of October — I shall stay a fortnight after, and then seek a kindlier climate. — This plaguy cough of mine seems to gain ground, and will bring me to my grave in spight of me — but while I have strength to run away from it I will — I have been wrestling with it for these twenty years past — and what with laughter and good spirits, have prevented its giving me a fall — but my antagonist presses closer than ever upon me — and I have nothing left on my side but another journey abroad — A-propos — are you for a scheme of that sort? if not,

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perhaps you will accompany me as far as Dover, that we may laugh together on the beach, to put Neptune in a good humour before I embark —— God bless you, my dear Madam, —— and believe me ever your's,

L. STERNE.

LETTER CXI

To Mr. Foley, at Paris

York, July 13, 1765.

My dear Sir, — I wrote some time in spring, to beg you would favour me with my account. I believe you was set out from Paris, and that Mr. Garrick brought the letter with him — which possibly he gave you. In the hurry of your business you might forget the contents of it; and in the hurry of mine in town (though I called once) I could not get to see you. I decamp for Italy in September, and shall see your face at Paris, you may be sure — but I shall see it with more pleasure when I am out of debt —— which is your own fault, for Becket has had money left in his hands for that purpose. — Do send Mrs. Sterne her two last volumes of Tristram; they arrived with your's in spring, and she complains she has not got them. — My best services to Mr. Panchaud. — I am busy composing two volumes of sermons — they will be printed in September, though I fear not time enough to bring

them with me. Your name is amongst the list of a few of my honorary subscribers —— who subscribe for love. — If you see Baron D'Holbach, and Diderot, present my respects to them — If the Baron wants any English books, he will let me know, and I will bring them with me — Adieu. I am truly your's,

L. STERNE.

LETTER CXII

To the Same

LONDON, October 7, 1765.

DEAR SIR, — It is a terrible thing to be in Paris without a perriwig to a man's head! In seven days from the date of this, I should be in that case, unless you tell your neighbour Madame Requiere to get her *bon mari de me faire une peruque à bourse, au mieux — c'est à dire — une la plus extraordinaire — la plus jolie — la plus gentille — et la plus —*

— Mais qu'importe? j'ai l'honneur d'être grand critique — et bien difficile encore dans les affaires des peruques — and in one word that he gets it done in five days after notice ——

I beg pardon for this liberty, my dear friend,

and for the trouble of forwarding this by the very next post. — If my friend Mr. F. is in Paris — my kind love to him and respects to all others — in sad haste — yours truly,

L. STERNE.

I have paid into Mr. Becket's hands six hundred pounds, which you may draw upon at sight, according as either Mrs. Sterne or myself make it expedient.

LETTER CXIII

To Mr. Becket

PARIS, October 19, 1765.

I had left a parcel of small Draughts, the highest not above 50 p^{ds} with Mr. Panchaude — when I rec^{d} y^{rs} w^{ch} I shew'd, he desired me to tell you He w^{d} never send one of 'em except to Selwin — so they might lay in his hands till you had time to pay em — it making no difference, as he would not negotiate them to any one else — as you will re^{ve} never have but one at a time — and that not often, drawn upon. You might be easy about it. I have been considering the preface & indeed have wrote it, but upon reflecting upon it more than when I saw you, I think tis better the Sermons go into the World without Apology — let them speak for themselves. If I change this Opinion — I will send it you in time — if not go on without it. I got here in 5 days much recover'd by my journey & set out in a few days for Italy, Mr. Wilk[e]s & Foot are here.

L. STERNE.

LETTER CXIV

To Mr. Panchaud, at Paris

BEAU PONT VOISIN,* November 7, 1765.

DEAR SIR, — I forgot to desire you to forward whatever letters came to your hand to your banker at Rome, to wait for me against I get there, as it is uncertain how long I may stay at Turin, &c. &c. at present I am held prisoner in this town by the sudden swelling of two pitiful rivulets from the snows melting on the Alps — so that we cannot either advance to them, or retire back again to Lyons — for how long the gentlemen who are my fellow-travellers, and myself, shall languish in this state of vexatious captivity, heaven and earth surely know, for it rains as if they were coming together to settle the matter. — I had an agreeable journey to Lyons, and a joyous time there; dining and supping every day at the commandant's — Lord F. W. I left there,

* [Pont Beauvoisin.]

and about a dozen English — If you see Lord Ossory, lord William Gordon, and my friend Mr. Crawfurd, remember me to them — if Wilkes is at Paris yet, I send him all kind wishes — present my compliments as well as thanks to my good friend Miss P——, and believe me, dear Sir, with all truth, yours,

L. STERNE.

LETTER CXV

To the Same

TURIN, November 15, 1765.

DEAR SIR, — After many difficulties I have got here safe and sound — tho' eight days in passing the mountains of Savoy. — I am stopped here for ten days by the whole country betwixt here and Milan being laid under water by continual rains — but I am very happy, and have found my way into a dozen houses already — To morrow I am to be presented to the King, and when that ceremony is over, I shall have my hands full of engagements — No English here but Sir James Macdonald, who meets with much respect, and Mr. Ogilby. We are all together, and shall depart in peace together

—— My kind services to all —— pray forward the inclosed — Yours most truly,

L. STERNE.

LETTER CXVI

To the Same

TURIN, November 28, 1765.

DEAR SIR, — I am just leaving this place with Sir James Macdonald for Milan, &c. — We have spent a joyous fortnight here, and met with all kinds of honours — and with regret do we both bid adieu — but health on my side — and good sense on his — say 'tis better to be at Rome — you say at Paris — but you put variety out of the question. — I intreat you to forward the inclosed to Mrs. Sterne — My compliments to all friends, more particularly to those I most value (that includes Mr. F. if he is in Paris). I am yours most truly,

L. STERNE.

LETTER CXVII

To the Same

FLORENCE, December 18, 1765.

DEAR SIR, — I have been a month passing the plains of Lombardie — stoping in my way at Milan, Parma, Placenza, and Bologna — with weather as delicious as a kindly April in England, and have been 3 days in crossing a part of the Apenines cover'd with thick snow — sad transition! — I stay here three days to dine with our Plenipo Lords Tichfield* and Cowper,† and in five days shall tread the Vatican, and be introduced to all the Saints in the Pantheon. — I stay but 14 days to pay these civilities, and then decamp for Naples. — Send the inclosed to my wife, and Becket's letter to London. — Yours truly,

L. STERNE.

* ["Tichfield is the second title of the Duke of Portland. There was no Lord Tichfield at the date of this letter."— Note to this letter in the Alfred Morrison *Collection of Autographs.*]

† ["George Nassau, third Earl Cowper (1738–1789), eldest son of the second Earl, whom he succeeded in 1764. He was created a Prince of the Holy Roman Empire by the Emperor Joseph II., as the sole remaining representative of the Princes and Counts of Nassau-Auverquerque."— Note to the Alfred Morrison *Collection.*]

LETTER CXVIII

To Miss Sterne

NAPLES, February 3, 1766.

MY DEAR GIRL, — Your letter, my Lydia, has made me both laugh and cry — Sorry am I that you are both so afflicted with the ague, and by all means I wish you both to fly from Tours, because I remember it is situated between two rivers, La Loire and Le Cher — which must occasion fogs, and damp unwholesome weather — therefore for the same reason go not to Bourges en Bresse — 'tis as vile a place for agues.— I find myself infinitely better than I was —— and hope to have added at least ten years to my life by this journey to Italy — the climate is heavenly, and I find new principles of health in me, which I have been long a stranger to — but trust me, my Lydia, I will find you out wherever you are, in May. Therefore I beg you direct to me at Belloni's at Rome, that I may have some idea where you will be then. — The account you give me of Mrs. C—— is truly

amiable, I shall ever honour her — Mr. C. is a diverting companion — what he said of your little French admirer was truly droll — the Marquis de —— is an impostor, and not worthy of your acquaintance — he only pretended to know me, to get introduced to your mother — I desire you will get your mother to write to Mr. C. that I may discharge every debt, and then my Lydia, if I live, the produce of my pen shall be yours — If Fate reserves me not that — the humane and good, part for thy father's sake, part for thy own, will never abandon thee! — If your mother's health will permit her to return with me to England, your summers I will render as agreeable as I can at Coxwould — your winters at York — you know my publications call me to London. — If Mr. and Mrs. C—— are still at Tours, thank them from me for their cordiality to my wife and daughter. I have purchased you some little trifles, which I shall give you when we meet, as proofs of affection from your fond father,

L. STERNE.

LETTER CXIX

To J[ohn] H[all] S[tevenson], Esq.

NAPLES, February 5, 1766.

MY DEAR H, — 'Tis an age since I have heard from you — but as I read the London Chronicle, and find no tidings of your death, or that you are even at the point of it, I take it, as I wish it, that you have got over thus much of the winter free from the damps, both of climate and spirits, and here I am, as happy as a king after all, growing fat, sleek, and well liking — not improving in stature, but in breadth. — We have a jolly carnival of it — nothing but operas —— punchinellos —— festinos and masquerades —— We (that is, *nous autres*) are all dressing out for one this night at the Princess Francavivalla, which is to be superb. — The English dine with her (exclusive) and so much for small chat — except that I saw a little comedy acted last week with more expression and spirit, and true character than I shall see one hastily again. —

I stay here till the holy week, which I shall pass at Rome, where I occupy myself a month — My plan was to have gone from thence for a fortnight to Florence —— and then by Leghorn to Marseilles directly home —— but am diverted from this by the repeated proposals of accompanying a gentleman, who is returning to Venice, Vienna, Saxony, Berlin, and so by the Spaw, and thence through Holland to England — 'tis with Mr. E. I have known him these three years, and have been with him ever since I reach'd Rome; and as I know him to be a good-hearted young gentleman, I have no doubt of making it answer both his views and mine — at least I am persuaded we shall return home together, as we set out, with friendship and goodwill. — Write your next letter to me at Rome, and do the following favour if it lies in your way, which I think it does —— to get me a letter of recommendation to our Ambassador (Lord Stormont at Vienna). I have not the honour to be known to his lordship, but Lords P—— or H——, or twenty you better know, would write a certificate for me, importing that I am not fallen out of the clouds. If this will cost my cousin little trouble, do inclose it

in your next letter to me at Belloni. — You have left Skelton I trow a month, and I fear have had a most sharp winter, if one may judge of it from the severity of the weather here, and all over Italy, which exceeded anything known till within these three weeks here, that the sun has been as hot as we could bear it. — Give my kind services to my friends —— especially to the household of faith — my dear Garland — to Gilbert — to the worthy Colonel [Hall] — to Cardinal S[croope], to my fellow-labourer Pantagruel — dear Cousin Antony, receive my kindest love and wishes. Yours affectionately,

L. STERNE.

P.S. Upon second thoughts, direct your next to me at Mr. W. banker at Venice.

LETTER CXX

To Mr. Foley, at Paris

NAPLES, February 8, 1766.

DEAR SIR, — I desire Mrs. Sterne may have what cash she wants — if she has not received it before now: she sends me word she has been in want of cash these three weeks — be so kind as to prevent this uneasiness to her —— which is doubly so to me. —— I have made very little use of your letters of credit, having since I left Paris taken up no more money than about fifty louis at Turin, as much at Rome —— and a few ducats here — and as I now travel from hence to Rome, Venice, through Vienna to Berlin, &c. with a gentleman of fortune, I shall draw for little more till my return —— so you will have always enough to spare for my wife. — The beginning of March be so kind as to let her have a hundred pounds to begin her year with. ——

There are a good many English here, very

few in Rome, or other parts of Italy. — The air of Naples agrees very well with me — I shall return fat — my friendship to all who honour me with theirs — Adieu my dear friend — I am ever yours,

L. STERNE.

LETTER CXXI

To Mr. Panchaud, at Paris

NAPLES, February 14, 1766.

DEAR SIR, — I wrote last week to you, to desire you would let Mrs. Sterne have what money she wanted — it may happen as that letter went inclosed in one to her at Tours, that you will receive this first — I have made little use of your letters of credit, as you will see by that letter, nor shall I want much (if any) till you see me, as I travel now in company with a gentleman — however as we return by Venice, Vienna, Berlin, &c. to the Spaw, I should be glad if you will draw me a letter of credit upon some one at Venice, to the extent of fifty louis — but I am persuaded I shall not want half of them — however in case of sickness or accidents, one would not go so long a rout without money in one's pocket. — The bankers here are not so conscientious as my friend P. they would make me pay twelve per cent. if I was to get a

letter here. — I beg your letters, &c. may be inclosed to Mr. Watson at Venice — where we shall be in the Ascension. —— I have received much benefit from the air of Naples — but quit it to be at Rome before the holy week. — There are about five and twenty English here — but most of them will be decamp'd in two months — there are scarce a third of the number at Rome —— I suppose therefore that Paris is full — my warmest wishes attend you — with my love to Mr. F[oley] and compliments to all — I am, dear Sir, very faithfully, yours,

L. STERNE.

Sir James Macdonald is in the house with me, and is just recovering a long and most cruel fit of the rheumatism.

LETTER CXXII

To J[ohn] H[all] S[tevenson], Esq.

May 25, near Dijon [1766].

Dear Antony, — My desire of seeing both my wife and girl has turn'd me out of my road towards a delicious Chateau of the Countess of M———, where I have been patriarching it these seven days with her ladyship, and half a dozen of very handsome and agreeable ladies — her ladyship has the best of hearts —— a valuable present not given to every one. — To-morrow, with regret, I shall quit this agreeable circle, and post it night and day to Paris, where I shall arrive in two days, and just wind myself up, when I am there, enough to roll on to Calais — so I hope to sup with you the king's birth day, according to a plan of sixteen days standing. — Never man has been such a wild-goose chace after a wife as I have been — after having sought her in five or six different towns, I found her at last in *Franche Compté*

—Poor woman! she was very cordial, &c. and begs to stay another year or so—my Lydia pleases me much—I found her greatly improved in everything I wish'd her—I am most unaccountably well, and most unaccountably nonsensical—'tis at least a proof of good spirits, which is a sign and token given me in these latter days that I must take up again the pen—In faith I think I shall die with it in my hand, but I shall live these ten years, my Antony, notwithstanding the fears of my wife, whom I left most melancholy on that account.—This is a delicious part of the world; most celestial weather, and we lie all day, without damps, upon the grass—and that is the whole of it, except the inner man (for her ladyship is not stingy of her wine) is inspired twice a day with the best Burgundy that grows upon the mountains, which terminate our lands here.—— Surely you will not have decamp'd to Crazy Castle before I reach town.—— The summer here is set in [in] good earnest—'tis more than we can say for Yorkshire—— I hope to hear a good tale of your alum works—have you no other works in hand? I do not expect to hear from you, so God prosper you——and all your undertak-

ings. — I am, my dear cousin, most affectionately yours,

L. STERNE.

Remember me to Mr. G[arland], Cardinal S[croope], the Col. &c. &c. &c.

LETTER CXXIII

To Mr. Panchaud, at Paris

YORK, June 28, 1766.

DEAR SIR, — I wrote last week to Mr. Becket to discharge the balance due to you — and I have receiv'd a letter from him telling me, that if you will draw upon him for one hundred and sixty pounds, he will punctually pay it to your order — so send the draughts when you please —— Mrs. Sterne writes me word, she wants fifty pounds — which I desire you will let her have —— I will take care to remit it to your correspondent — I have such an entire confidence in my wife, that she spends as little as she can, tho' she is confined to no particular sum — her expences will not exceed three hundred pounds a year, unless by ill health, or a journey — and I am very willing she should have it — and you may rely, in case it ever happens that she should draw for fifty or a hundred pounds extraordinary, that it and every demand shall be punctually paid — and

with proper thanks; and for this the whole Shandean family are ready to stand security. — 'Tis impossible to tell you how sorry I was that my affairs hurried me so quick thro' Paris, as to deprive me of seeing my old friend Mr. Foley, and of the pleasure I proposed in being made known to his better half —— but I have a probability of seeing him this winter. —— Adieu dear sir, and believe me most cordially yours, L. STERNE.

P.S. — Mrs. Sterne is going to Chalon, but your letter will find her I believe at Avignon — she is very poorly — and my daughter writes to me with sad grief of heart that she is worse.

LETTER CXXIV

To Mr. S.

COXWOULD, July 23, 1766.

DEAR SIR, — One might be led to think that there is a fatality regarding us — we make appointments to meet, and for these two years have not seen each others face but twice — we must try, and do better for the future — having sought you with more zeal, than C—— sought the Lord, in order to deliver you the books you bad me to purchase for you at Paris — I was forced to pay carriage for them from London down to York — but as I shall neither charge you the books nor the carriage — 'tis not worth talking about. — Never man, my dear Sir, has had a more agreeable tour than your Yorick — and at present I am in my peaceful retreat, writing the ninth volume of Tristram — I shall publish but one this year, and the next I shall begin a new work of four volumes, which when finish'd, I shall continue Tristram with fresh spirit. —— What a difference of scene here! But with a disposition to

be happy, 'tis neither this place, nor t'other that renders us the reverse. — In short each man's happiness depends upon himself — he is a fool if he does not enjoy it.

What are you about, dear S——? Give me some account of your pleasures — you had better come to me for a fortnight, and I will shew, or give you (if needful) a practical dose of my philosophy; but I hope you do not want it — if you did —— 'twould be the office of a friend to give it — Will not even our races tempt you? You see I use all arguments — Believe me yours most truly,

LAURENCE STERNE.

LETTER CXXV

From Ignatius Sancho to Mr. Sterne

[1766.]*

REVEREND SIR, — It would be an insult on your humanity (or perhaps look like it,) to apologise for the liberty I am taking. — I am one of those people whom the vulgar and illiberal call negroes. — The first part of my life was rather unlucky, as I was placed in a family who judged ignorance the best and only security for obedience. — A little reading and writing I got by unwearied application. — The latter part of my life has been, thro' God's blessing, truly fortunate — having spent it in the service of one of the best and greatest families in the kingdom — my chief pleasure has been books — Philanthropy I adore — How very much, good Sir, am I (amongst millions) indebted to you for the character of your amiable Uncle Toby! — I declare I would walk ten miles in the dog-days, to

* [The date was added in 1780.]

shake hands with the honest Corporal. — Your Sermons have touch'd me to the heart, and I hope have amended it, which brings me to the point — In your tenth discourse,* is this very affecting passage — "Consider how great a part of our species in all ages down to this —— have been trod under the feet of cruel and capricious tyrants, who would neither hear their cries, nor pity their distresses. — Consider slavery — what it is — how bitter a draught —— and how many millions are made to drink of it." — Of all my favourite authors not one has drawn a tear in favour of my miserable black brethren — excepting yourself, and the humane author of Sir Geo. Ellison. — I think you will forgive me; I am sure you will applaud me for beseeching you to give one half hour's attention to slavery, as it is this day practised in our West Indies. — That subject handled in your striking manner would ease the yoke (perhaps) of many — but if only of one — gracious God! what a feast to a benevolent heart! and sure I am, you are an epicurean in acts of charity. — You who are universally read, and as uni-

* [After "discourse," the first edition has "page seventy-eight in the second volume."]

versally admired — you could not fail. — Dear Sir, think in me you behold the uplifted hands of thousands of my brother Moors. Grief (you pathetically observe) is eloquent: figure to yourself their attitudes; hear their supplicating addresses! — alas! you cannot refuse. — Humanity must comply — in which hope I beg permission to subscribe myself, Reverend Sir, &c.

I. S.

LETTER CXXVI

To Ignatius Sancho *

COXWOULD, July 27, 1766.

THERE is a strange coincidence, Sancho, in the little events (as well as in the great ones) of this world: for I had been writing a tender tale of the sorrows of a friendless poor negro-girl, and my eyes had scarce done smarting with it, when your letter of recommendation, in behalf of so many of her brethren and sisters, came to me — but why *her brethren?* or yours, Sancho! any more than mine? It is by the finest tints, and most insensible gradations, that nature descends from the fairest face about St. James's, to the sootiest complexion in Africa: — at which tint of these is it, that the ties of blood are to cease? and how many shades must we descend lower still in the scale, ere mercy is to vanish with them? But 'tis no uncommon thing, my good Sancho, for one half of the world to use the other half of it like brutes, and then endeavour to make

* [A facsimile of this letter is contained in Sancho's *Letters* (fifth edition, 1803).]

'em so. — For my own part, I never look *westward*, (when I am in a pensive mood at least) but I think of the burthens which our brothers and sisters are *there* carrying, and could I ease their shoulders from one ounce of them, I declare I would set out this hour upon a pilgrimage to Mecca for their sakes — which by the bye, Sancho, exceeds your walk of ten miles in about the same proportion, that a visit of humanity should one of mere form. —— However, if you meant my Uncle Toby more he is your debtor. — If I can weave the tale I have wrote into the work I am about — 'tis at the service of the afflicted — and a much greater matter; for in serious truth, it casts a sad shade upon the world, that so great a part of it are, and have been so long bound in chains of darkness, and in chains of misery; and I cannot but both respect and felicitate you, that by so much laudable diligence you have broke the one — and that by falling into the hands of so good and merciful a family, Providence has rescued you from the other.

And so good-hearted Sancho adieu! and believe me I will not forget your letter. — Yours, L. STERNE.

LETTER CXXVII

To Mr. Panchaud, at Paris

COXWOULD, September 21, 1766.

MY DEAR FRIEND, — If Mrs. Sterne should draw upon you for fifty louis d'ors, be so kind as to remit her the money — and pray be so good as not to draw on Mr. Becket for it (as he owes me nothing) but favour me with the draught, which I will pay to Mr. Selwin. —— A young nobleman is now negociating a jaunt with me for six weeks, about Christmas, to the Fauxbourg de St. Germain — I should like much to be with you for so long — and if my wife should grow worse (having had a very poor account of her in my daughter's last) I cannot think of her being without me — and however expensive the journey would be, I would fly to Avignon to administer consolation to both her and my poor girl — Wherever I am, believe me, dear sir, yours,

L. STERNE.

My kind compliments to Mr. Foley : though I have not the honour of knowing his rib, I see no reason why I may not present all due respects to the better half of so old a friend, which I do by these presents — with my friendliest wishes to Miss P.

LETTER CXXVIII

To Mr. Foley, at Paris

Coxwould, October 25, 1766.

My dear Foley, — I desired you would be so good as to remit to Mrs. Sterne fifty louis, a month ago — I dare say you have done it — but her illness must have cost her a good deal — therefore having paid the last fifty pounds into Mr. Selwin's hands, I beg you to send her thirty guineas more — for which I send a bank bill to Mr. Becket by this post — but surely had I not done so, you would not stick at it — for be assured, my dear Foley, that the first Lord of the Treasury is neither more able or more willing (nor perhaps half so punctual) in repaying with honour all I ever can be in your books. — My daughter says her mother is very ill — and I fear going fast down by all accounts — 'tis melancholy in her situation to want any aid that is in my power to give — do write to her — and believe me, with all compliments to your Hotel, yours very truly,

L. Sterne.

LETTER CXXIX

To Mr. Panchaud

York, November 25, 1766.

Dear Sir, — I just received yours —— and am glad that the balance of accounts is now paid to you — Thus far all goes well — I have received a letter from my daughter with the pleasing tidings that she thinks her mother out of danger — and that the air of the country is delightful (excepting the winds) but the description of the Château my wife has hired is really pretty — on the side of the Fountain of Vaucluse — with seven rooms of a floor, half furnished with tapestry, half with blue taffety, the permission to fish, and to have game; so many partridges a week, &c. and the price — guess! sixteen guineas a year — there's for you, P. About the latter end of next month my wife will have occasion for a hundred guineas — and pray be so good, my dear sir, as to give orders that she may not be disappointed — she is going to spend the Carnival

at Marseilles at Christmas — I shall be in London by Christmas week, and then shall balance this remittance to Mrs. S[terne] with Mr. S[elwin]. I am going to ly in of another child of the Shandaick procreation, in town —— I hope you wish me a safe delivery ——— I fear my friend Mr. F[oley] will have left town before I get there — Adieu dear Sir — I wish you everything in this world which will do you good, for I am with unfeigned truth, yours,

L. STERNE.

Make my compliments acceptable to the good and worthy Baron D'Holbach —Miss P., &c. &c.

LETTER CXXX

To John Hall Stevenson

COXWOULD, December 17, 1766.

MY DEAR COSIN, — I consider thee as a bank-note in a corner drawr of my bureau — I know it is there (I wish I did) — and its value, tho' I seldome take a peep at it — if a comparison will excuse my idlenesses and neglects of all kind to thee — so be it — though I must take further shame, and own I had not wrote now, but that I profited by the *transit* of a Craselite, by my door, of whom I have learn'd all welcome acc^ts^ of thee — that thou farest well — and art good liking — for my own part I have had my menses thrice this month, which is twice too often — and am not altogether according to my feelings, by being so much, which I cannot avoid, at Lord F[auconberg]'s who oppress me to death with civility. — So Tristram goes on busily — what I can find appetite to write, is so so. — You never read such a chapter of evils from me —

I'm tormented to death and the devil, by my Stillington Inclosure, — and am every hour threatened with a journey to Avignon, where Mrs. Sterne is very bad — and by a series of Letters I've got from Lydia, I suppose is going the way of us all.

I want to know from yourself how you do — and you go on. — I mean allum — full gladly would I see you — but whilst I'm tied neck and heels as I am — 'tis impracticable. — Remember me sometimes in y^r potations — bid Panty * pray for me, when he prays for the Holy Catholic Church — present my compliments to Mrs. Ferguson† — and be in peace and charity with all mankind and the blessing of God the Father Son & holy ghost be with you. Amen L. STERNE.

P.S. Greet Hales — and his houshold.

To J. Hall Stevenson, Esq^re
Skelton Castle, near Guisbro'.

* [The Rev. E. Lascelles.]

† [This was "my witty widow," to whom Sterne addressed Letter XLVIII.]

LETTER CXXXI

To Mr. W[oodhouse]

COXWOULD, December 20, 1766.*

THANKS, my dear W., for your letter — I am just preparing to come and greet you and many other friends in town — I have drained my ink standish to the bottom, and after I have published, shall set my face, not towards Jerusalem, but towards the Alps — I find I must once more fly from death whilst I have strength — I shall go to Naples and see whether the air of that place will not set this poor frame to rights — As to the project of getting a bear to lead, I think I have enough to do to govern myself — and however profitable it might be (according to your opinion) I am sure it would be unpleasurable — Few are the minutes of life, and I do not think that I have any to throw away on any one being. —— I shall spend nine or ten months in Italy, and call upon my wife and daughter in France at

* ["1765" in first edition.]

my return — so shall be back by the King's birth-day — what a project! — and now my dear friend am I going to York, not for the sake of society —— nor to walk by the side of the muddy Ouse, but to recruit myself of the most violent spitting of blood that ever mortal man experienced; because I had rather (in case 'tis ordained so) die there, than in a post-chaise on the road. — If the amour of my Uncle Toby do not please you, I am mistaken —— and so with a droll story I will finish this letter —— A sensible friend of mine, with whom not long ago, I spent some hours in conversation, met an apothecary (an acquaintance of ours) — the latter asked him how he did? why, ill, very ill — I have been with Sterne, who has given me such a dose of *Attic salt* that I am in a fever — Attic salt, Sir, Attic salt! I have Glauber salt —— I have Epsom salt in my shop, &c. — Oh! I suppose 'tis some French salt — I wonder you would trust his report of the medicine, he cares not what he takes himself — I fancy I see you smile — I long to be able to be in London, and embrace my friends there — and shall enjoy myself a week or ten days at Paris with my friends, particularly the Baron d'Holbach,

and the rest of the joyous sett — As to the females — no I will not say a word about them — only I hate borrowed characters taken up (as a woman does her shift) for the purpose she intends to effectuate. Adieu, adieu — I am yours whilst L. STERNE.

LETTER CXXXII

To the Earl of Fauconberg

London, Friday [January 9? 1767].

My Lord, — When we got up yesterday morning, the streets were 4 inches deep in snow — it has set in now with the most intense cold. I could scarse lay in bed for it, and this morning more snow again. Tho' the roads after all are extreamly good near town, and, I suppose, every where else, the snow has been very deep in Kent.

No news. I dined yesterday with Lord Marsh and a large company of the duke of York's people, etc., and came away just as wise as I went. The King at Cimon the new opera last night — nobody at Covent Garden but the citizens' children and apprentices. The Duke of York was to have had a play house of his own, and had studied his part in the Fair Penitent, and made Garrick act it twice on purpose to profit by it; but the King, 'tis said,

has desired the Duke to give up the part and the project with it.

☞(all this is for the Ladies) to whom, wth all comp^{s} to the party at Quadrille and Lady Catherine.

I am, my Lord,

Y^{r} most unworthy Gazetteere that ever wrote,

but most faithfully y^{r} ever obliged,

L. STERNE.

LETTER CXXXIII

To the Same

BOND STREET, January 16, 1767.

MY LORD, — There is a dead stagnation of everything, and scarse any talk but about the damages done over the Kingdom by this cruel storm; it began yesterday morning to thaw gently, and has continued going on so till now. I hope it will all get away after the same manner. It was so intensely cold on Sunday, that there were few either at the church or court, but last night it thaw'd; the concert at Soho top full — and was (this is for the ladies) the best assembly and the best concert I ever had the honour to be at. Lady Anne had the goodness to challenge me, or I had not known her, she was so prudently muffled up; Lord Bellasyse, I never saw him look so well; Lady Bellasyse recovers *à marvielle* — and y^r^ little niece I believe grows like flax.

We had reports yesterday that the York stage coach w^th^ 14 people in and about it, were

drown'd by mistaking a bridge — it was contradicted at night — as are half the morning reports in town.

The *School for Guardians* (wrote by Murphy) scarse got thro' the 1st night — 'tis a most miserable affair — Garrick's Cimon fills his house brim full every night.

The streets are dirtier than in the town of Coxwould — for they are up to the knees, except on the *trottoire.*

I beg my best comp^{s}, my Lord, to Mrs. Bellasyse the Ladies ——, and to S^{r} Bryan Stapleton, and am

With unfeigned attachm^{ts}, y^{r} l^{d}p^{s} faithful,

L. STERNE.

LETTER CXXXIV

To Mr. Panchaud, at Paris

LONDON, February 13, 1767.

DEAR P.,— I paid yesterday (by Mr. Becket) a hundred guineas, or pounds I forget which, to Mr. Selwin — But you must remit to Mrs. Sterne at Marseilles a hundred louis before she leaves that place, which will be in less than three weeks. Have you got the ninth volume of Shandy? — 'tis liked the best of all here.— I am going to publish a Sentimental Journey through France and Italy — the undertaking is protected and highly encouraged by all our noblesse — 'tis subscribed for, at a great rate — 'twill be an original — in large quarto — the subscription half a guinea — If you can procure me the honour of a few names of men of science, or fashion, I shall thank you — they will appear in good company, as all the nobility here almost have honoured me with their names.— My kindest remembrance to Mr. Foley — respects to Baron D'Holbach, and believe me ever ever yours, L. STERNE.

LETTER CXXXV

To Miss Sterne

OLD BOND STREET [LONDON], February 23, 1767.

AND so, my Lydia! thy mother and thyself are returning back again from Marseilles to the banks of the Sorgue — and there thou wilt sit and fish for trouts — I envy you the sweet situation.— Petrarch's tomb I should like to pay a sentimental visit to —— the Fountain of Vaucluse, by thy description, must be delightful — I am also much pleased with the account you give me of the Abbé de Sade — you find great comfort in such a neighbour — I am glad he is so good as to correct thy translation of my Sermons — dear girl go on, and make me a present of thy work — but why not the House of Mourning? 'tis one of the best. I long to receive the Life of Petrarch, and his Laura, by your Abbé, but I am out of all patience with the answer the Marquis made the Abbé —— 'twas truly coarse, and I wonder he bore it with any christian patience — But

to the subject of your letter — I do not wish to know who was the busy fool, who made your mother uneasy about Mrs. [Draper] — 'tis true I have a friendship for her, but not to infatuation — I believe I have judgment enough to discern hers, and every woman's faults. I honour thy mother for her answer — "that she wished not to be informed, and begged him to drop the subject."— Why do you say that your mother wants money? — whilst I have a shilling, shall you not both have ninepence out of it? — I think, if I have my enjoyments, I ought not to grudge you yours.— I shall not begin my Sentimental Journey till I get to Coxwould — I have laid a plan for something new, quite out of the beaten track.— I wish I had you with me —— and I would introduce you to one of the most amiable and gentlest of beings, whom I have just been with—not Mrs. [Draper], but a Mrs. J[ames] the wife of as worthy a man as I ever met with —— I esteem them both. He possesses every manly virtue — honour and bravery are his characteristicks, which have distinguished him nobly in several instances — I shall make you better acquainted with his character, by sending Orme's History, with the books you desired — and it

is well worth your reading; for Orme is an elegant writer, and a just one; he pays no man a compliment at the expence of truth.— Mrs. J[ames] is kind —— and friendly —— of a sentimental turn of mind —— and so sweet a disposition, that she is too good for the world she lives in — Just God! if all were like her, what a life would this be! — Heaven, my Lydia, for some wise purpose has created different beings — I wish my dear child knew her —— thou art worthy of her friendship, and she already loves thee; for I sometimes tell her what I feel for thee. — This is a long letter — write soon, and never let your letters be studied ones —— write naturally, and then you will write well. — I hope your mother has got quite well of her ague — I have sent her some of Huxham's tincture of the Bark. I will order you a guittar, since the other is broke. Believe me, my Lydia, that I am yours affectionately,

L. STERNE.

LETTER CXXXVI

To Mr. Panchaud, at Paris

LONDON, February 27, 1767.

DEAR SIR,— My daughter begs a present of me, and you must know I can deny her nothing — It must be strung with cat-gut, and of five chords —— *si chiama in Italiano la chitera di cinque corde* —— she cannot get such a thing at Marseilles —— at Paris one may have everything — Will you be so good to my girl as to make her happy in this affair, by getting some musical body to buy one, and send it her to Avignon directed to Monsieur Teste? — I wrote last week to desire you would remit Mrs. S[terne] a hundred louis ——'twill be all, except the guittar, I shall owe you — send me your account, and I will pay Mr. Selwin — direct to me at Mr. Becket's — all kind respects to my friend Mr. F[oley] and your sister.— Yours cordially, L. STERNE.

THE FOREGOING LETTER AS STERNE WROTE IT

To Mr. Panchaude at Paris

London, February 27, 1767.

Dear Mr. Panchaude

My daughter begs a present of me — tis a Guittar — it must be strung with cat gut & of 5 cords si chiama in Italiano, La Chitera di cinque corde" — She cannot get such a Thing at Marseilles — at Paris one may have every thing — would you be so good to my Girl as to make her happy in this affaire, by getting some musical Body to buy one, & send it to her to Avignon directed to Monsr. Feste

I wrote last week to desire you wd. remit Mrs Sterne a 100 Louis — Wil be all except the Guittar I shall owe you & send me yr. Acct then, & I will pay it to Mr Selwin direct to me at Mr Beckets — all kind respts to my friend Foley and my dear friend Yr Sister

Yrs cordially

L. Sterne.

Messrs. Foley et Panchaude
Banquiers rue St
Sauveur,
Paris.

LETTER CXXXVII

To Miss Sterne

Bond Street [London], April,* 1767.

This letter, my dear Lydia, will distress thy good heart, for from the beginning thou wilt perceive no entertaining strokes of humour in it — I cannot be chearful when a thousand melancholy ideas surround me — I have met with a loss of near fifty pounds, which I was taken in for in an extraordinary manner — but what is that loss in comparison of one I may experience? — Friendship is the balm and cordial of life, and without it, 'tis a heavy load not worth sustaining. — I am unhappy — thy mother and thyself at a distance from me, and what can compensate for such a destitution? — For God's sake persuade her to come and fix in England, for life is too short to waste in separation — and whilst she lives in one country, and I in another, many people will

* [In the editions of 1775 and 1780 the date given for this letter is April 9. Sterne says here that he saw Mrs. Draper "two days ago." She sailed for India on April 3. Hence the letter cannot be assigned to a date later than April 5. It probably belongs to the preceding week.]

suppose it proceeds from choice — besides, I want thee near me, thou child and darling of my heart! — I am in a melancholy mood, and my Lydia's eyes will smart with weeping when I tell her the cause that now affects me. — I am apprehensive the dear friend I mentioned in my last letter is going into a decline — I was with her two days ago, and I never beheld a being so alter'd — she has a tender frame, and looks like a drooping lily, for the roses are fled from her cheeks — I can never see or talk to this incomparable woman without bursting into tears — I have a thousand obligations to her, and I owe her more than her whole sex, if not all the world put together — She has a delicacy in her way of thinking that few possess — our conversations are of the most interesting nature, and she talks to me of quitting this world with more composure than others think of living in it. — I have wrote an epitaph, of which I send thee a copy. — 'Tis expressive of her modest worth — but may heav'n restore her! and may she live to write mine.

> Columns, and labour'd urns but vainly shew
> An idle scene of decorated woe.
> The sweet companion, and the friend sincere,
> Need no mechanic help to force the tear.

> In heart felt numbers, never meant to shine
> 'Twill flow eternal o'er a hearse like thine;
> 'Twill flow, whilst gentle goodness has one friend,
> Or kindred tempers have a tear to lend.

Say all that is kind of me to thy mother, and believe me my Lydia, that I love thee most truly — So adieu — I am what I ever was, and hope ever shall be, thy affectionate Father,

L. S.

As to Mr. M.—— by your description he is a fat fool. I beg you will not give up your time to such a being — Send me some *batons pour les dents* — there are none good here.

LETTER CXXXVIII

To Mr. and Mrs. J[ames]

OLD BOND STREET [LONDON], April 21, 1767.

I AM sincerely affected, my dear Mr. and Mrs. J[ames] by your friendly enquiry, and the interest you are so good to take in my health. God knows I am not able to give a good account of myself, having passed a bad night in much feverish agitation. — My physician ordered me to bed, and to keep therein 'till some favourable change — I fell ill the moment I got to my lodgings — he says it is owing to my taking James's Powder, and venturing out on so cold a day as Sunday — but he is mistaken, for I am certain whatever bears the name must have efficacy with me — I was bled yesterday, and again to-day, and have been almost dead, but this friendly enquiry from Gerrard-street has poured balm into what blood I have left — I hope still (and next to the sense of what I owe my friends) it shall be the last pleasurable sensation I will part with — if I continue mending, it will yet be some time

before I shall have strength enough to get out in a carriage — my first visit will be a visit of true gratitude — I leave my kind friends to guess where — a thousand blessings go along with this, and may Heaven preserve you both — Adieu my dear sir, and dear lady. I am your ever obliged, L. STERNE.

ORIGINAL DRAFT OF THE FOREGOING LETTER*

Mr. Sterne's kindest and most friendly compliments to Mrs. James, with his most sentimental thanks for her obliging enquiry after his health — he fell ill the moment he got to his lodgings, and has been attended by a physician ever since. He says 'tis owing to Mr. Sterne's taking James's powder, and venturing out on so cold a day — but Mr. Sterne could give a truer account. He is almost dead, yet still hopes to glide like a shadow to Gerard Street in a few days, to thank his good friend for her good will. All compliments to Mr. James, and all comfort to his good lady.

* [*The Athenæum*, March 30, 1878.]

LETTER CXXXIX

To Ignatius Sancho

BOND STREET [LONDON], Saturday [May 16, * 1767].

I WAS very sorry, my good Sancho, that I was not at home to return my compliments by you for the great courtesy of the Duke of M[onta]g[u]'s family to me, in honouring my list of subscribers with their names — for which I bear them all thanks. — But you have something to add, Sancho, to what I owe your goodwill also on this account, and that is to send me the subscription money, which I find a necessity of dunning my best friends for before I leave town — to avoid the perplexities of both keeping pecuniary accounts (for which I have very slender talents), and collecting them (for which I have neither strength of body or mind) and so, good Sancho dun the Duke of M. the Duchess of M. and Lord M. for their subscriptions, and lay the sin, and money with

* [Wrongly assigned to April 25, in all editions except the first, where no date is given. The *Journal to Eliza* helps determine the date of this and other letters immediately following.]

it too, at my door — I wish so good a family every blessing they merit, along with my humblest compliments. You know, Sancho, that I am your friend and well-wisher,

L. STERNE.

P.S. I leave town on Friday morning — and should on Thursday, but that I stay to dine with Lord and Lady Spencer.

LETTER CXL

*To the Earl of S——**

OLD BOND STREET [LONDON], May [21],* 1767.

MY LORD, — I was yesterday taking leave of all the town, with an intention of leaving it this day, but I am detained by the kindness of lord and lady S[pencer], who have made a party to dine and sup on my account — I am impatient to set out for my solitude, for there the mind gains strength, and learns to lean upon herself — In the world it seeks or accepts of a few treacherous supports — the feigned compassion of one — the flattery of a second — the civilities of a third — the friendship of a fourth — they all deceive, and bring the mind back to where mine is retreating, to retirement, reflection, and books. My departure is fixed for to-morrow morning, but I could not think of quitting a place where I have received such numberless and unmerited civilities from

* [Without much doubt, this letter was addressed to William Petty (1737–1805), created Earl of Shelburne in 1764. The date is wrongly given as May 1, in the first and subsequent editions. Consult the *Journal to Eliza* for May 1, 1767.]

your lordship, without returning my most grateful thanks, as well as my hearty acknowledgments for your friendly enquiry from Bath. Illness, my lord, has occasioned my silence — Death knocked at my door, but I would not admit him — the call was both unexpected and unpleasant — and I am seriously worn down to a shadow — and still very weak, but weak as I am, I have as whimsical a story to tell you as ever befel one of my family — Shandy's nose, his name, his sash window are fools to it — it will serve at least to amuse you — The injury I did myself last month in catching cold upon James's Powder — fell, you must know, upon the worst part it could — the most painful, and most dangerous of any in the human body. It was on this crisis I called in an able surgeon and with him an able physician (both my friends) to inspect my disaster — 'tis a venereal case, cried my two scientific friends — 'tis impossible, however, to be that, replied I — for I have had no commerce whatever with the sex, not even with my wife, added I, these fifteen years. — You are, however, my good friend, said the surgeon, or there is no such case in the world — what the devil, said I, without knowing

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woman? — We will not reason about it, said the physician, but you must undergo a course of mercury — I will lose my life first, said I — and trust to nature, to time, or at the worst to death — so I put an end, with some indignation, to the conference — and determined to bear all the torments I underwent, and ten times more, rather than submit to be treated like a *sinner*, in a point where I had acted like a *saint*. — Now as the father of mischief would have it, who has no pleasure like that of dishonouring the righteous, it so fell out that from the moment I dismissed my doctors, my pains began to rage with a violence not to be expressed, or supported. Every hour became more intolerable. — I was got to bed, cried out, and raved the whole night, and was got up so near dead that my friends insisted upon my sending again for my physician and surgeon. I told them upon the word of a man of honour they were both mistaken, as to my case — but though they had reasoned wrong, they might act right; but that sharp as my sufferings were, I felt them not so sharp as the imputation which a venereal treatment of my case laid me under — They answered that these taints of the blood laid dormant twenty years,

but they would not reason with me in a point wherein I was so delicate, but would do all the office for which they were called in, namely to put an end to my torment, which otherwise would put an end to me — and so have I been compelled to surrender myself — and thus, my dear lord, has your poor friend with all his sensibilities been suffering the chastisement of the grossest sensualist. — Was it not as ridiculous an embarrassment as ever Yorick's spirit was involved in? — Nothing but the purest conscience of innocence could have tempted me to write this story to my wife, which by the bye would make no bad anecdote in Tristram Shandy's Life — I have mentioned it in my journal to Mrs. Draper. In some respects there is no difference between my wife and herself — when they fare alike, neither can reasonably complain. — I have just received letters from France, with some hints that Mrs. Sterne and my Lydia are coming to England, to pay me a visit — if your time is not better employed, Yorick flatters himself he shall receive a letter from your Lordship, *en attendant.* I am with the greatest regard, my Lord, your Lordship's most faithful humble servant,

L. STERNE.

LETTER CXLI

To J. D[illo]n, Esq.

OLD BOND STREET [LONDON],
Friday morning [May 22, 1767].*

I WAS going, my dear D[illo]n, to bed before I received your kind enquiry, and now my chaise stands at my door to take and convey this poor body to its legal settlement. — I am ill, very ill — I languish most affectingly — I am sick both soul and body — it is a cordial to me to hear it is different with you — no man interests himself more in your happiness, and I am glad you are in so fair a road to it — enjoy it long, my D. whilst I — no matter what — but my feelings are too nice for the world I live in — things will mend. — I dined yesterday with lord and lady S[pencer] we talked much of you, and your goings on, for every one knows why Sunbury Hill is so pleasant a situation. — You rogue! you have lock'd up my boots — and I go bootless home — and I fear I shall go bootless all my life — Adieu, gentlest and best of souls — adieu. I am yours most affectionately, L. STERNE.

* [No date except "Friday morning" in the early editions.]

LETTER CXLII

To J[ohn] H[all] S[tevenson], Esq.

NEWARK, Monday, ten o'clock in the morn

[May 25, 1767]. *

MY DEAR COUSIN, — I have got conveyed thus far like a bale of cadaverous goods consigned to Pluto and company — lying in the bottom of my chaise most of the rout, upon a large pillow which I had the *prevoyance* to purchase before I set out — I am worn out — but press on to Barnby Moor to night, and if possible to York the next. — I know not what is the matter with me — but some *derangement* presses hard upon this machine —— still I think it will not be overset this bout. — My love to G——. We shall all meet from the east, and from the south, and (as at the last) be happy together — My kind respects to a few. — I am, dear H. truly yours,

L. STERNE.

* [No precise date in the early editions.]

Shandy Hall, Coxwould.

LETTER CXLIII

To A. L[e]e, Esq.

COXWOULD, June 7, 1767.

DEAR L——E, I had not been many days at this peaceful cottage before your letter greeted me with the seal of friendship, and most cordially do I thank you for so kind a proof of your good will — I was truly anxious to hear of the recovery of my sentimental friend — but I would not write to enquire after her, unless I could have sent her the testimony without the tax, for even how-d'yes to invalids, or those that have lately been so, either call to mind what is past or what may return —— at least I find it so. — I am as happy as a prince, at Coxwould —— and I wish you could see in how princely a manner I live — 'tis a land of plenty. I sit down alone to venison, fish and wild fowl, or a couple of fowls or ducks, with curds, and strawberries, and cream, and all the simple plenty which a rich valley under (Hamilton Hills) can produce — with a clean cloth on my table —— and a bottle

of wine on my right hand to drink your health. I have a hundred hens and chickens about my yard —— and not a parishioner catches a hare, or a rabbet, or a trout, but he brings it as an offering to me. If solitude would cure a love-sick heart, I would give you an invitation —— but absence and time lessen no attachment which virtue inspires. — I am in high spirits — care never enters this cottage — I take the air every day in my post chaise, with two long-tail'd horses ——— they turn out good ones ; and as to myself, I think I am better upon the whole for the medicines, and regimen I submitted to in town — May you, dear L[ee], want neither the one, nor the other. Yours truly,

L. STERNE.

LETTER CXLIV

To the Same

COXWOULD, June 30, 1767.

I AM in still better health, my dear L[e]e, than when I wrote last to you —— owing I believe to my riding out every day with my friend H[all] whose castle lies near the sea — and there is a beach as even as a mirrour, of

five miles in length, before it — where we daily run races in our chaises, with one wheel in the sea, and the other on the land. ——D[raper] has obtain'd his fair Indian, and has this post sent a letter of enquiries after Yorick, and his Brahmin[e]. He is a good soul and interests himself much in our fate —— I cannot forgive you, L[e]e, for your folly in saying you intend to get introduced to the —— I despise them, and I shall hold your understanding much cheaper than I now do, if you persist in a resolution so unworthy of you. — I suppose Mrs. J[ames's] telling you they were sensible, is the ground work you go upon — by — they are not clever; tho' what is commonly call'd wit, may pass for literature on the other side of Temple-bar. —— You say Mrs. J[ames] thinks them amiable — she judges too favourably; but I have put a stop to her intentions of visiting them. — They are bitter enemies of mine, and I am even with them. *La Bramine* assured me they used their endeavours with her to break off her friendship with me, for reasons I will not write, but tell you. — I said enough of them before she left England, and tho' she yielded to me in every other point, yet in this she obstinately persisted. — Strange

infatuation!—but I think I have effected my purpose by a falsity, which Yorick's friendship to the Brahmine can only justify.—I wrote her word that the most amiable of women reiterated my request, that she would not write to them. I said too, she had conceal'd many things for the sake of her peace of mind——when in fact, L[e]e, this was merely a child of my own brain, made Mrs. J[ames]'s by adoption, to enforce the argument I had before urged so strongly.—Do not mention this circumstance to Mrs. J[ames], 'twould displease her—and I had no design in it but for the Brahmine to be a friend to herself.—I ought now to be busy from sun rise to sun set, for I have a book to write—a wife to receive—an estate to sell—a parish to superintend, and, what is worst of all, a disquieted heart to reason with——these are continual calls upon me.—I have receiv'd half a dozen letters to press me to join my friends at Scarborough, but I am at present deaf to them all.—I perhaps may pass a few days there something later in the season, not at present—and so, dear L[e]e, adieu. I am most cordially yours,

L. STERNE.

LETTER CXLV

To Ignatius Sancho

COXWOULD, June 30 [1767].

I MUST acknowledge the courtesy of my good friend Sancho's letter, were I ten times busier than I am, and must thank him too for the many expressions of his good will, and good opinion — 'Tis all affectation to say a man is not gratified with being praised —— we only want it to be sincere —— and then it will be taken, Sancho, as kindly as yours. I left town very poorly —— and with an idea I was taking leave of it for ever —— but good air, a quiet retreat, and quiet reflections along with it, with an ass to milk, and another to ride upon (if I chuse it) all together do wonders. —— I shall live this year at least, I hope, be it but to give the world, before I quit it, as good impressions of me, as you have, Sancho. I would only covenant for just so much health and spirits, as are sufficient to carry my pen thro' the task I have set it this summer. — But I am a resign'd being, Sancho, and take health and

sickness as I do light and darkness, or the vicissitudes of seasons —— that is, just as it pleases GOD to send them — and accommodate myself to their periodical returns, as well as I can —— only taking care, whatever befalls me in this silly world —— not to lose my temper at it. — This I believe, friend Sancho, to be the truest philosophy — for this we must be indebted to ourselves, but not to our fortunes. — Farewel —— I hope you will not forget your custom of giving me a call at my lodgings next winter —— in the meantime I am very cordially, my honest friend Sancho, yours,

L. STERNE.

LETTER CXLVI

To Mr. and Mrs. J[ames]

COXWOULD, July 6, 1767.

IT is with as much true gratitude as ever a heart felt, that I sit down to thank my dear friends Mr. and Mrs. J[ames] for the continuation of their attention to me; but for this last instance of their humanity and politeness to me, I must ever be their debtor — I can never thank you enough, my dear friends, and yet I thank you from my soul — and for the single day's happiness your goodness would have sent me, I wish I could send you back thousands — I cannot, but they will come of themselves —— and so God bless you. — I have had twenty times my pen in my hand since I came down, to write one letter to you both in Gerrard-street —— but I am a shy kind of a soul at the bottom, and have a jealousy about troubling my friends, especially about myself. — I am now got perfectly well, but was a month after my arrival in the country in but a poor state —— my body has got the start, and is at present

more at ease than my mind —— but this world is a school of trials, and so heaven's will be done! — I hope you have both enjoyed all that I have wanted —— and to compleat your joy, that your little lady flourishes like a vine at your table, to which I hope to see her preferred by next winter. — I am now beginning to be truly busy at my Sentimental Journey — the pains and sorrows of this life having retarded its progress — but I shall make up my lee-way, and overtake everybody in a very short time. —

What can I send you that Yorkshire produces? tell me — I want to be of use to you, for I am, my dear friends, with the truest value and esteem, your ever obliged

L. STERNE.

LETTER CXLVII

To Mr. Panchaud, at Paris

York, July 20, 1767.

My dear Panchaud, — Be so kind as to forward what letters are arrived for Mrs. Sterne at your office by to-day's post, or the next, and she will receive them before she quits Avignon, for England — she wants to lay out a little money in an annuity for her daughter — advise her to get her own life insured in London, lest my Lydia should die before her. — If there are any packets, send them with the ninth volume of Shandy, which she has failed of getting — she says she has drawn for fifty louis — when she leaves Paris, send by her my account. ——— Have you got me any French subscriptions, or subscriptions in France? — Present my kindest service to Miss P. I know her politeness and good nature will incline her to give Mrs. J. her advice about what she may venture to bring over. —— I hope everything goes on well, though never half so well as I wish. —— God

prosper you, my dear friend — Believe me most warmly yours,

L. STERNE.

The sooner you send me the gold snuff box the better — 'tis a present from my best friend.

LETTER CXLVIII

To Mr. and Mrs. J[ames]

Coxwould, August 2, 1767.

My dear friends Mr. and Mrs. J[ames] are infinitely kind to me in sending now and then a letter to enquire after me —— and to acquaint me how they are. — You cannot conceive, my dear lady, how truly I bear a part in your illness. — I wish Mr. J[ames] would carry you to the south of France in pursuit of health — but why need I wish it when I know his affection will make him do that and ten times as much to prevent a return of those symptoms which alarmed him so much in the spring — Your politeness and humanity is always contriving to treat me agreeably, and what you promise next winter, will be perfectly so — but you must get well — and your little dear girl must be of the party with her parents and friends to give it a relish — I am sure you shew no partiality but what is natural and praiseworthy in behalf of your daughter, but I wonder my friends will not find her a play-fellow,

and I both hope and advise them not to venture along through this warfare of life without two strings at least to their bow. — I had letters from France by last night's post, by which (by some fatality) I find not one of my letters has reached Mrs. Sterne. This gives me concern, as it wears the aspect of unkindness, which she by no means merits from me. — My wife and dear girl are coming to pay me a visit for a few months; I wish I may prevail with them to tarry longer. — You must permit me, dear Mrs. J., to make my Lydia known to you, if I can prevail with my wife to come and spend a little time in London, as she returns to France. — I expect a small parcel — may I trouble you before you write next to send to my lodgings to ask if there is anything directed to me that you can enclose under cover? — I have but one excuse for this freedom which I am prompted to use from a persuasion that it is doing you pleasure to give you an opportunity of doing an obliging thing — and as to myself, I rest satisfied, for 'tis only scoring up another debt of thanks to the millions I owe you both already — Receive a thousand and a thousand thanks, yes and with them ten thousand friendly wishes for all you wish in this world — May my friend

Mr. J. continue bless'd with good health, and may his good lady get perfectly well, there being no woman's health or comfort I so ardently pray for. — Adieu my dear friends — believe me most truly and faithfully yours,

L. STERNE.

P.S. In Eliza's last letter dated from St. Jago she tells me as she does you, that she is extremely ill — God protect her. — By this time surely she has set foot upon dry land at Madras — I heartily wish her well, and if Yorick was with her, he would tell her so — but he is cut off from this, by bodily absence — I am present with her in spirit however — but what is that? you will say?

LETTER CXLIX

To the Same

COXWOULD, August [10],* 1767.

MY DEAR FRIENDS, — I but copy your great civility to me in writing you word, that I have this moment received another letter wrote eighteen days after the date of the last from

* [The first and subsequent editions give August 13. The date August 10 is settled by the autograph copy.]

St. Jago — If our poor friend could have wrote another letter to England, you would in course have had it — but I fear from the circumstance of great hurry and bodily disorder in which she was, when she dispatched this, she might not have time. — In case it has so fallen out, I send you the contents of what I have received — and that is a melancholy history of herself and sufferings, since they left St. Jago — continual and most violent rheumatism all the time — a fever brought on with fits, and attended with delirium, and every terrifying symptom — the recovery from this left her low and emaciated to a skeleton. — I give you the pain of this detail with a bleeding heart, knowing how much at the same time it will affect yours. — The three or four last days of her journal leave us with hopes she will do well at last, for she is more chearful — and seems to be getting into better spirits; and health will follow in course. They have crossed the line — are much becalmed, which with other delays she fears they will lose their passage to Madras — and be some months sooner for it at Bombay. — Heav'n protect her, for she suffers much, and with uncommon fortitude. — She writes much to me about her dear friend Mrs. J[ames] in

her last packet. — In truth, my good lady, she loves and honours you from her heart, but, if she did not, I should not esteem her, or wish her so well as I do. —— Adieu, my dear friends — you have few in the world more truly and cordially yours. L. STERNE.

P.S. I have just received, as a present from a man I shall ever love, a most elegant gold snuff box, fabricated for me at Paris — 'tis not the first pledge I have received of his friendship. — May I presume to enclose you a letter of chit-chat which I shall write to Eliza? I know you will write yourself, and my letter may have the honour to *chaperon* yours to India — they will neither of them be the worse received for going together in company, but I fear they will get late in the year to their destined port, as they go first to Bengal.

THE FOREGOING LETTER AS STERNE WROTE IT *

Coxwould, August 10, 1767.

My dear Friends,

I but copy your great civility to me — in writing you word, that I have this moment rec^{d} another Letter, wrote eighteen days after the date of the last from S^{t} Iago — If our poor friend could have wrote another Letter to England, you will in course have it — but I fear from the circumstance of great hurry, and bodily disorder when she dispatch'd this she might not have time — In case it has so fallen out — I send you the contents of w^{t} I have rec^{d} — and that is a melancholly history of herself and sufferings since they left Iago — continual and most violent rhumatism all the time — a fever brought on — with fits — and attended with Delirium, and every terrifying symptome — the recovery from this left her low and emaciated to a skeleton — I give you the pain of this detail with a bleeding heart — knowing how much at the same time it will affect yours — The three or four last days in

* [From the Gibbs Manuscripts.]

her journal, leave us with hopes she will do well at last — for she is more chearful, and seems to be getting up her spirits — & health in course with it. — They have cross'd the Line — are much becalm'd — wch with other delays, [s]he fears, they will lose their passage to Madrass — & be some months sooner for it at Bombay — Heaven protect this worthy creature! for she suffers much, & with uncommon fortitude — she writes much to me abt her dear friend Mrs James in her last Packet — in truth, my good Lady, she honours & loves you from her heart — but if she did not — I should not Love her half so well myself as I do.

adieu my dear friends — you have
Very few in the world, more truely
& cordially yrs

L. STERNE.

P.S.

I have just recd as a present from a right Honble a most elegant gold snuff fabricated for me at Paris — I wish Eliza was here, I would lay it at her feet — however, I will enrich my gold Box, with her picture, — & if the Doner does not approve of such an acquisition to his pledge of friendship — I will send him his Box again ——

May I presume to inclose you the Letter I write to Mrs Draper — I know you will write yourself — & my Letter may have the honour to chapron yours to India. Mrs Sterne & my daughter are coming to stay a couple of months with [me], as far as from Avignion — & then return — Here's Complaisance for you — I went 500 miles the last Spring, out of my way, to pay my wife a weeks visit — and she is at the expence of coming post a thousand miles to return it — what a happy pair! — however, en passant, she takes back sixteen hundred pds into France with her — and will do me the honour likewise to strip me of every thing I have — except Eliza's Picture. Adieu.

To Mrs James in Gerard Street, Soho, London.

LETTER CL

To J[ohn] H[all] S[tevenson], Esq.

COXWOULD, August 11, 1767.

MY DEAR H., — I am glad all has passed with so much amity *inter te et filium Marcum tuum*, and that Madame has found grace in thy sight — All is well that ends well — and so much for moralising upon it. I wish you could, or would, take up your parable, and prophecy as much good concerning me and my affairs. — Not one of my letters have got to Mrs. Sterne since the notification of her intentions, which has a pitiful air on my side, though I have wrote her six or seven. — I imagine she will be here the latter end of September, though I have no date for it, but her impatience, which, having suffered by my supposed silence I am persuaded will make her fear the worst — if that is the case she will fly to England — a most natural conclusion. — You did well to discontinue all commerce with James's powder — as you are so well, rejoice therefore, and let your heart be merry — mine

ought upon the same score — for I never have been so well since I left college ——— and should be a marvellous happy man, but for some reflections which bow down my spirits —— but if I live but even three or four years, I will acquit myself with honour — and — no matter! we will talk this over when we meet. — If all ends as temperately as with you, and that I find grace, &c. &c., I will come and sing Te Deum, or drink *poculum elevatum*, or do anything with you in the world. — I should depend upon G——'s critick upon my head, as much as Moliere's old woman upon his comedies — when you do not want her society let it be carried into your bed-chamber to flay her, or clap it upon her bum — to —— and give her my blessing as you do it ——

My postillion has set me aground for a week, by one of my pistols bursting in his hand, which he taking for granted to be quite shot off — he instantly fell upon his knees and said (Our Father, which art in heaven, hallowed be thy Name) at which, like a good Christian, he stopped, not remembering any more of it — the affair was not so bad as he at first thought, for it has only *bursten* two of his fingers (he says). — I long to return to you, but I sit here

alone as solitary and sad as a tom cat, which by the bye is all the company I keep — he follows me from the parlour, to the kitchen, into the garden, and every place — I wish I had a dog — my daughter will bring me one — and so God be about you, and strengthen your faith — I am affectionately, dear cousin, yours,

L. STERNE.

My service to the C——, though they are from home, and to Panty.

LETTER CLI

To Miss Sterne

COXWOULD, August 24, 1767.

I AM truly surprised, my dear Lydia, that my last letter has not reached thy mother, and thyself — it looks most unkind on my part, after your having wrote me word of your mother's intention of coming to England, that she has not received my letter to welcome you both — and though in that I said I wished you would defer your journey till March, for before that time I should have published my sentimental work, and should be in town to receive you — yet I will show you more real politesses than any you have met with in France, as mine will come warm from the heart. — I am sorry you are not here at the races, but *les fêtes champêtres* of the Marquis de Sade have made you amends. — I know B—— very well, and he is what in France would be called admirable — that would be but so so here — You are right — he studies nature more than any, or rather

most of the French comedians — If the Empress of Russia pays him and his wife a pension of twenty thousand livres a year, I think he is very well off. — The folly of staying till after twelve for supper — that you two excommunicated Beings might have meat! — "his conscience would not let it be served before." — Surely the Marquis thought you both, being English, could not be satisfied without it. — I would have given, not my gown and cassock (for I have but one) but my topaz ring to have seen the *petits maîtres et maîtresses* go to mass, after having spent the night in dancing. — As to my pleasures they are few in compass. —— My poor cat sits purring beside me — your lively French dog shall have his place on the other side of my fire — but if he is as devilish as when I last saw him, I must tutor him, for I will not have my cat abused — in short I will have nothing devilish about me — a combustion will spoil a sentimental thought.

Another thing I must desire — do not be alarmed — 'tis to throw all your rouge pots into the Sorgue before you set out — I will have no rouge put on in England — and do not bewail them as —— —— did her silver seringue or glister equipage which she lost in a

certain river — but take a wise resolution of doing without rouge. —— I have been three days ago bad again —— with a spitting of blood — and that unfeeling brute ******* came and drew my curtains, and with a voice like a trumpet, hallooed in my ear — z—ds, what a fine kettle of fish you have brought yourself to, Mr. S——! In a faint voice, I bade him leave me, for comfort sure was never administered in so rough a manner. — Tell your mother I hope she will purchase what either of you may want at Paris —— 'tis an occasion not to be lost — so write to me from Paris that I may come and meet you in my post-chaise with my long-tailed horses — and the moment you have both put your feet in it, call it hereafter yours. — Adieu dear Lydia — believe me, what I ever shall be, your affectionate father,

L. STERNE.

I think I shall not write to Avignon any more, but you will find one for you at Paris — once more adieu.

LETTER CLII

To Sir W.

[Coxwould,] September 19, 1767.

My dear Sir, — You are perhaps the drollest being in the universe — Why do you banter me so about what I wrote to you? — Tho' I told you, every morning I jump'd into Venus's lap (meaning thereby the sea) was you to infer from that, that I leap'd into the ladies' beds afterwards? — The body guides you — the mind me. — I have wrote the most whimsical letter to a lady that was ever read, and talk'd of body and soul too — I said she had made me vain, by saying she was mine more than ever woman was — but she is not the Lady of Bond-street — nor ——— square, nor the lady who supp'd with me in Bond-street on scollop'd oysters, and other such things — nor did she ever go *tête-à-tête* with me to Salt Hill. —— Enough of such nonsense — The past is over — and I can justify myself unto myself — can you do as much? — No faith! — "You can

feel!" Aye so can my cat, when he hears a female caterwauling on the house top — but caterwauling disgusts me. I had rather raise a gentle flame, than have a different one raised in me. — Now, I take heav'n to witness, after all this *badinage* my heart is innocent — and the sporting of my pen is equal, just equal, to what I did in my boyish days, when I got astride of a stick, and gallop'd away — The truth is this — that my pen governs me — not me my pen. — You are much to blame if you dig for marl, unless you are sure of it. — I was once such a puppy myself, as to pare, and burn, and had my labour for my pains, and two hundred pounds out of my pocket. — Curse on farming (said I) I will try if the pen will not succeed better than the spade. — The following up of that affair (I mean farming) made me lose my temper, and a cart load of turneps was (I thought) very dear at two hundred pounds. —

In all your operations may your own good sense guide you —— bought experience is the devil. — Adieu, adieu! — Believe me yours most truly, L. STERNE.

LETTER CLIII

To the Same

COXWOULD, September 27, 1767.

DEAR SIR, — You are arrived at Scarborough when all the world has left it —— but you are an unaccountable being, and so there is nothing more to be said on the matter — You wish me to come to Scarborough, and join you to read a work that is not yet finish'd —— besides I have other things in my head. — My wife will be here in three or four days, and I must not be found straying in the wilderness — but I have been there. — As for meeting you at Bluit's, with all my heart —— I will laugh, and drink my barley water with you. — As soon as I have greeted my wife and daughter, and hired them a house at York, I shall go to London where you generally are in Spring — and then my Sentimental Journey will, I dare say, convince you that my feelings are from the heart, and that that heart is not of the worst of molds — praised be God for my sensibility! Though it has often made

me wretched, yet I would not exchange it for all the pleasures the grossest sensualist ever felt. Write to me the day you will be at York — 'tis ten to one but I may introduce you to my wife and daughter. Believe me, my good Sir, ever yours,

L. STERNE.

LETTER CLIV

To Mr. Panchaud, at Paris

York, October 1, 1767.

Dear Sir, — I have order'd my friend Becket to advance for two months your account which my wife this day deliver'd — she is in raptures with all your civilities. —— This is to give you notice to draw upon your correspondent — and Becket will deduct out of my publication. — Tomorrow morning I repair with her to Coxwould, and my Lydia seems transported with the sight of me. — Nature, dear P[anchaud], breathes in all her composition; and except a little vivacity —— which is a fault in the world we live in —— I am fully content with her mother's care of her. — Pardon this digression from business — but 'tis natural to speak of those we love. — As to the subscriptions which your friendship has procured me, I must have them to incorporate with my lists which are to be prefix'd to the first volume.

— My wife and daughter join in millions of thanks — they will leave me the 1st of December. —— Adieu, adieu — Believe me, your's, most truly,

L. STERNE.

LETTER CLV

To Mr. and Mrs. J[ames]

COXWOULD, October 3, 1767.

I HAVE suffered under a strong desire for above this fortnight, to send a letter of enquiries after the health and the well-being of my dear friends, Mr. and Mrs. J[ames], and I do assure you both, 'twas merely owing to a little modesty in my temper not to make my goodwill troublesome, where I have so much, and to those I never think of, but with ideas of sensibility and obligation, that I have refrained. —— Good God! to think I could be in town, and not go the first step I made to Gerrard Street! — My mind and body must be at sad variance with each other, should it ever fall out that it is not both the first and last place also where I shall betake myself, were it only to say, "God bless you." — May you have every blessing he can send you! 'tis a part of my litany, where you will always have a place whilst I have a tongue to repeat it. —

And so you heard I had left Scarborough, which you would no more credit, than the reasons assign'd for it — I thank you for it kindly — tho' you have not told me what they were; being a shrewd divine, I think I can guess. — I was ten days at Scarborough in September, and was hospitably entertained by one of the best of our Bishops;* who, as he kept house there, press'd me to be with him ——— and his household consisted of a gentleman, and two ladies —— which, with the good Bishop and myself, made so good a party that we kept much to ourselves. — I made in this time a connection of great friendship with my mitred host, who would gladly have taken me with him back to Ireland. — However we all left Scarborough together, and lay fifteen miles off, where we kindly parted ——Now it was supposed (and have since heard) that I e'en went on with the party to London, and this I suppose was the reason assign'd for my being there. — I dare say charity would add a little to the account, and give out that 'twas on the score of one, and perhaps both of the ladies — and I will excuse charity on that head, for a heart disengaged could not

* [Jemmet Brown, Bishop of Cork and Ross.]

well have done better. — I have been hard writing ever since — and hope by Christmas I shall be able to give a gentle rap at your door — and tell you how happy I am to see my two good friends. — I assure you I spur on my Pegasus more violently upon that account, and am now determined not to draw [a] bit, till I have finish'd this Sentimental Journey — which I hope to lay at your feet, as a small (but a very honest) testimony of the constant truth with which I am, my dear friends, your ever obliged and grateful L. STERNE.

P.S. My wife and daughter arrived here last night from France. — My girl has return'd an elegant accomplish'd little slut — my wife —— but I hate to praise my wife — 'tis as much as decency will allow to praise my daughter. — I suppose they will return next summer to France. —— They leave me in a month to reside at York for the winter — and I stay at Coxwould till the first of January.

LETTER CLVI

To Mrs. F[erguson]

Coxwould, Friday [October, 1767]. *

Dear Madam, — I return you a thousand thanks for your obliging enquiry after me — I got down last summer very much worn out —— and much worse at the end of my journey — I was forced to call at his Grace's house (the Archbishop of York) to refresh myself a couple of days upon the road near Doncaster — Since I got home to quietness, and temperance, and good books, and good hours, I have mended — and am now very stout — and in a fortnight's time shall perhaps be as well as you yourself could wish me. — I have the pleasure to acquaint you that my wife and daughter are arrived from France. —— I shall be in town to greet my friends by the first of January. — Adieu dear madam — believe me yours sincerely, L. Sterne.

* [No date in early editions.]

LETTER CLVII

To Mrs. H.

COXWOULD, October 12, 1767.

EVER since my dear H. wrote me word she was mine, more than ever woman was, I have been racking my memory to inform me where it was that you and I had that affair together. — People think that I have had many, some in body, some in mind; but as I told you before, you have had me more than any woman — therefore you must have had me, H[annah], both in mind, and in body. ——— Now I cannot recollect where it was, nor exactly when — it could not be the lady in Bond-street, or Grosvenor-street, or ———— Square, or Pall Mall. — We shall make it out, H. when we meet — I impatiently long for it —— 'tis no matter — I cannot now stand writing to you to-day — I will make it up next post — for dinner is upon table, and if I make Lord F[auconberg] stay, he will not frank this. —— How do you do? Which parts of Tristram do you like best? — God bless you. — Yours, L. STERNE.

LETTER CLVIII

To Mr. and Mrs. J [ames]

COXWOULD, November 12, 1767.

FORGIVE me, dear Mrs. J[ames], if I am troublesome in writing something betwixt a letter and a card, to enquire after you and my good friend Mr. J——, whom 'tis an age since I have heard a syllable of. —— I think so however, and never more felt the want of a house I esteem so much, as I do now when I can hear tidings of it so seldom — and have nothing to recompense my desires of seeing its kind possessors, but the hopes before me of doing it by Christmas. — I long sadly to see you — and my friend Mr. J[ames]. I am still at Coxwould — my wife and girl * here. — She is a dear good creature — affectionate, and most elegant in body, and mind — she is all heaven could give me in a daughter — but like other

* [Mrs. Medalle thinks an apology may be necessary for publishing this letter — the best she can offer is — that it was written by a fond parent (whose commendations she is proud of) to a very sincere friend. — *Original Note.*]

blessings, not given, but lent; for her mother loves France — and this dear part of me must be torn from my arms, to follow her mother, who seems inclined to establish her in France where she has had many advantageous offers. — Do not smile at my weakness, when I say I don't wonder at it, for she is as accomplish'd a slut as France can produce. — You shall excuse all this — if you won't, I desire Mr. J[ames] to be my advocate — but I know I don't want one. — With what pleasure shall I embrace your dear little pledge — who I hope to see every hour encreasing in stature, and in favour, both with God and man! — I kiss all your hands with a most devout and friendly heart. —— No man can wish you more good than your meagre friend does — few so much, for I am with infinite cordiality, gratitude and honest affection, my dear Mrs. J[ames], your ever faithful L. STERNE.

P.S. My Sentimental Journey will please Mrs. J[ames], and my Lydia — I can answer for those two. It is a subject which works well, and suits the frame of mind I have been in for some time past — I told you my design in it was to teach us to love the world and our

fellow creatures better than we do — so it runs most upon those gentler passions and affections, which aid so much to it. — Adieu, and may you and my worthy friend Mr. J[ames] continue examples of the doctrine I teach.

LETTER CLIX

To Mrs. H.

COXWOULD, November 15, 1767.

Now be a good dear woman, my H[annah], and execute these commissions well — and when I see you I will give you a kiss — there's for you! — But I have something else for you which I am fabricating at a great rate, and that is my Sentimental Journey, which shall make you cry as much as it has affected me — or I will give up the business of sentimental writing — and write to the body — that is, H[annah] what I am doing in writing to you — but you are a *good body*, which is worth half a score mean souls. — I am yours, &c. &c.

L. SHANDY.

THE FOREGOING LETTER AS STERNE WROTE IT*

Coxwould, November 15, 1767.

Dear Hannah,

Now be a good dear girl, Hannah, and give these to Fanny, and Fanny will give that wh belongs to her sister, herself, and when I see you I'll give you a kiss. Theres for you! But I have something else for you which I am fabricating at a great rate, and that is my journey, which shall make you cry as much as ever it made me laugh, or I'll give up the business of sentimental writing and write to the body — that is Hannah! — what I am doing in writing to you, but you are a *good body*, and that's worth half a score *mean souls*. Upon mine, I am yrs, L. Shandy.

* [Fitzgerald, *Life of Sterne*, Vol. II. Ch. VIII.]

LETTER CLX

To A. L[e]e, Esq.

COXWOULD, November 19, 1767.

YOU make yourself unhappy, dear L[e]e, by imaginary ills — which you might shun, instead of putting yourself in the way of. — Would not any man in his senses fly from the object he adores, and not waste his time and his health in increasing his misery by so vain a pursuit? — The idol of your heart is one of ten thousand. — The Duke of —— has long sighed in vain — and can you suppose a woman will listen to you, that is proof against titles, stars, and red ribbands? — Her heart (believe me, L[e]e) will not be taken in by fine men, or fine speeches — if it should ever feel a preference, it will chuse an object for itself, and it must be a singular character that can make an impression on such a being — she has a platonic way of thinking, and knows love only by name — the natural reserve of her character, which you complain of, proceeds not from pride, but from

a superiority of understanding, which makes her despise every man that turns himself into a fool —— Take my advice, and pay your addresses to Miss ——— she esteems you, and time will wear off an attachment which has taken so deep a root in your heart.—— I pity you from my soul — but we are all born with passions which ebb and flow (else they would play the devil with us) to different objects — and the best advice I can give you, L[e]e, is to turn the tide of yours another way. — I know not whether I shall write again while I stay at Coxwould. — I am in earnest at my sentimental work — and intend being in town soon after Christmas —— in the mean time adieu. — Let me hear from you, and believe me, dear L. yours, &c. L. STERNE.

LETTER CLXI

*To the Earl of ——— **

COXWOULD, November 28, 1767.

MY LORD, — 'Tis with the greatest pleasure I take my pen to thank your Lordship for your letter of enquiry about Yorick — he has worn out both his spirits and body with the Sentimental Journey — 'tis true that an author must feel himself, or his reader will not — but I have torn my whole frame into pieces by my feelings — I believe the brain stands as much in need of recruiting as the body — therefore I shall set out for town the twentieth of next month, after having recruited myself a week at York. I might indeed solace myself with my wife, (who is come from France) but in fact I have long been a sentimental being — whatever your Lordship may think to the contrary. — The world has imagined, because I wrote Tristram Shandy, that I was myself more Shandean than I really ever was — 'tis a good-natured world we live in, and we are often painted in divers colours according to the ideas

* [Probably the Earl of Shelburne.]

each one frames in his head. A very agreeable lady arrived three years ago at York, in her road to Scarborough — I had the honour of being acquainted with her, and was her *chaperon* — all the females were very inquisitive to know who she was — "Do not tell, ladies, 'tis a mistress my wife has recommended to me — nay moreover has sent me from France." ———

I hope my book will please you, my Lord, and then my labour will not be totally in vain. If it is not thought a chaste book, mercy on them that read it, for they must have warm imaginations indeed! — Can your Lordship forgive my not making this a longer epistle? —— In short I can but add this, which you already know — that I am with gratitude and friendship, my Lord, your obedient faithful,

L. STERNE.

If your Lordship is in town in Spring, I should be happy if you became acquainted with my friends in Gerrard-street — you would esteem the husband, and honour the wife — she is the reverse of most of her sex — they have various pursuits — she but one — that of pleasing her husband. ——

LETTER CLXII

To His Excellency Sir G[eorge] M[acartney]

COXWOULD, December 3, 1767.

MY DEAR FRIEND, — For tho' you are his Excellency, and I still but parson Yorick — I still must call you so — and were you to be next Emperor of Russia, I could not write to you, or speak to you, under any other relation — I felicitate you, I don't say how much, because I can't — I always had something like a kind of revelation within me, which pointed out this track for you, in which you are so happily advanced — it was not only my wishes for you, which were ever ardent enough to impose upon a visionary brain, but I thought I actually saw you just where you now are — and that is just, my dear Macartney, where you should be. — I should long, long ago have acknowledged the kindness of a letter of yours from Petersbourg; but hearing daily accounts you was leaving it — this is the first time I knew well *where* my thanks

would find you — how they will find you, I know well — that is —— the same I ever knew you. In three weeks I shall kiss your hand — and sooner, if I can finish my Sentimental Journey. — The deuce take all sentiments! I wish there was not one in the world! —— My wife is come to pay me a sentimental visit as far as from Avignon — and the *politesses* arising from such a proof of her urbanity, has robb'd me of a month's writing, or I had been in town now. — I am going to lie-in; being at Christmas at my full reckoning — and unless what I shall bring forth is not *press'd* to death by these devils of printers, I shall have the honour of presenting to you a *couple of as clean brats* as ever chaste brain conceiv'd — they are frolicsome too, *mais cela n'empeche pas* — I put your name down with many wrong and right *honourables*, knowing you would take it not well if I did not make myself happy with it. Adieu my dear friend, Believe me yours, &c.

L. STERNE.

P.S. If you see Mr. Crawfurd, tell him I greet him kindly.

LETTER CLXIII

To A. L[e]e, Esq.

COXWOULD, December 7, 1767.

DEAR L., — I said I would not perhaps write any more, but it would be unkind not to reply to so interesting a letter as yours — I am certain you may depend upon Lord ——'s promises — he will take care of you in the best manner he can, and your knowledge of the world, and of languages in particular, will make you useful in any department — If his Lordship's scheme does not succeed, leave the kingdom — go to the east, or to the west, for travelling would be of infinite service to both your body and mind — But more of this when we meet — now to my own affairs. ——— I have had an offer of exchanging two pieces of preferment I hold here, for a living of three hundred and fifty pounds a year in Surrey, about thirty miles from London, and retaining Coxwould, and my prebendaryship — the country also is sweet — but I will not, cannot

come to any determination, till I have consulted with you, and my other friends.——I have great offers too in Ireland — the bishops of C[ork], and R[oss],* are both my friends — but I have rejected every proposal, unless Mrs. S[terne], and my Lydia could accompany me thither — I live for the sake of my girl, and, with her sweet light burthen in my arms, I could get up fast the hill of preferment, if I chose it — but without my Lydia, if a mitre was offered me, it would sit uneasy upon my brow. — Mrs. S[terne]'s health is insupportable in England. — She must return to France, and justice and humanity forbid me to oppose it. — I will allow her enough to live comfortably, until she can rejoin me. — My heart bleeds, L[e]e, when I think of parting with my child —— 'twill be like the separation of soul and body — and equal to nothing but what passes at that tremendous moment; and like it in one respect, for she will be in one kingdom, whilst I am in another. — You will laugh at my weakness — but I cannot help it — for she is a dear, disinterested girl — As a proof of it — when she left Coxwould, and I bade her adieu, I pulled

* [Sterne must have written "the Bishop of Cork and Ross is my friend." — See the *Journal to Eliza* under August 2.]

out my purse and offered her ten guineas for her private pleasures — her answer was pretty, and affected me too much: "No, my dear papa, our expences of coming from France may have straiten'd you — I would rather put an hundred guineas into your pocket than take ten out of it." — I burst into tears — but why do I practice upon your feelings — by dwelling on a subject that will touch your heart? — It is too much melted already by its own sufferings, L[e]e, for me to add a pang, or cause a single sigh. — God bless you — I shall hope to greet you by New-years-day in perfect health — Adieu my dear friend — I am most truly and cordially yours,

L. STERNE.

LETTER CLXIV

To Mr. and Mrs. J[ames]

York, December [28],* 1767.

I was afraid that either Mr. or Mrs. J[ames], or their little blossom, was drooping — or that some of you were ill, by not having the pleasure of a line from you, and was thinking of writing again to enquire after you all ——— when I was cast down myself with a fever, and bleeding at my lungs, which had confined me to my room near three weeks — when I had the favour of yours, which till to-day I have not been able to thank you both kindly for, as I most cordially now do — as well as for all your professions and proofs of good will to me. — I will not say I have not balanced accounts with you in this — All I know is, that I honour and value you more than I do any good creatures upon earth — and that I could not wish your happiness, and the success of whatever conduces to it,

* [The first and subsequent editions have December 23. The autograph copy bears the date as given above.]

more than I do, was I your brother — but, good God! are we not all brothers and sisters who are friendly, virtuous, and good? Surely, my dear friends, my illness has been a sort of sympathy for your afflictions upon the score of your dear little one. — I am worn down to a shadow — but as my fever has left me, I set off the latter end of next week with my friend Mr. Hall for town — I need not tell my friends in Gerrard-street, I shall do myself the honour to visit them, before either Lord [Shelburne] or Lord [Spencer], &c. &c.—— I thank you, my dear friend, for what you say so kindly about my daughter — it shews your good heart, for as she is a stranger, 'tis a free gift in you — but when she is known to you, she shall win it fairly — but, alas! when this event is to happen, is in the clouds. — Mrs. S[terne] has hired a house ready furnish'd at York, till she returns to France, and my Lydia must not leave her. —

What a sad scratch of a letter! —— but I am weak, my dear friends, both in body and mind — so God bless you — you will see me enter like a ghost — so I tell you before-hand not to be frightened. — I am, my dear friends, with the truest attachment and esteem, ever yours,

L. STERNE.

THE FOREGOING LETTER AS STERNE WROTE IT *

York, December 28, 1767.

I was afraid that either my friend Mr. James, or Mrs James, or their little Blossome was drooping, or that some of you were ill by not having the pleasure of a line from you, & was thinking of writing again to enquire after you all — when I was cast down myself with a fever, & bleeding at my lungs, which had confined me to my room three weeks, when I had the favour of yrs which till to day I have not been able to thank you both kindly for, as I most cordially now do, — as well as for all yr. proofs & professions of good will to me — I will not say, I have not ballanced Accts with you in this — all I know, is, That I honour and value you more than I do any good creature upon earth — & that I could not wish yr. happiness and the Successe of whatever conduces to it, more than I do, was I your Brother

* [From the Gibbs Manuscripts.]

— but good God! are we not all brothers and sisters, who are friendly & Virtuous & good? ——

Surely my dear friends, my Illness has made a sort of sympathy for yr. Afflictions upon the score of yr. dear little one — and I make no doubt when I see Eliza's Journal, I shall find she has been ill herself at that time — I am rent to pieces with uncertainty abt. this dear friend of ours — I think too much — & interest my self so deeply by my friendship for her, that I am worn down to a Shadow — to this I owe my decay of health — but I can't help it ———

As my fever has left me, I set off the latter end of the week with my friend Mr. Hall for Town — I need not tell my friends in Gerard Street, I shall do myself the Honour to visit them before either Lord Shelburn or Lord Spencer &c. &c. —

I thank you my dear friend, for what you say so kindly abt. my Daughter — it shews yr. good heart, as she is a stranger, 'tis a free Gift in you — but when she is known to you — she shall win *it fairly* — but Alas! when this event is to happen, is in the clouds —— Mrs. Sterne has hired a house ready for her at York, till

she returns to france & my Lydia must not leave her ——

What a sad scratch of a Letter — but I am weak my dear friends both in body & mind — so God bless you — Youl see me enter like a Ghost — so I tell you before hand, not to be frighten'd,

I am, my dear friends
with truest attachment &
end esteem y^rs
L. STERNE.

To
M^r or M^rs James
Gerrard Street
Soho
London.

LETTER CLXV

To the Same

OLD BOND STREET, [LONDON, January 3? 1768].*

NOT knowing whether the moisture of the weather will permit me to give my kind friends in Gerrard Street a call this morning for five minutes — I beg leave to send them all the good wishes, compliments, and respects I owe them. — I continue to mend, and doubt not

* [The first and all other editions wrongly assign this letter to January 1. It must have been written on Sunday the third or the tenth.]

but this, with all other evils and uncertainties of life, will end for the best. I send all compliments to your fire-sides this Sunday night — Miss Ascough the wise, Miss Pigot the witty, your daughter the pretty, and so on. — If Lord O[ssory] is with you, I beg my dear Mrs. J[ames] will present the enclosed to him —— 'twill add to the millions of obligations I already owe you. — I am sorry that I am no subscriber to Soho this season — it deprives me of a pleasure worth twice the subscription —— but I am just going to send about this quarter of the town, to see if it is not too late to procure a ticket, undisposed of, from some of my Soho friends, and if I can succeed, I will either send or wait upon you with it by half an hour after three to-morrow —— if not, my friend will do me the justice to believe me truly miserable. — I am half engaged, or more, for dinner on Sunday next, but will try to get disengaged in order to be with my friends. — If I cannot, I will glide like a shadow uninvited to Gerrard Street some day this week, that we may eat our bread and meat in love and peace together. — God bless you both! —— I am with the most sincere regard, your ever obliged

L. STERNE.

LETTER CLXVI

To the Same

OLD BOND STREET [LONDON],
Monday, [January 4? 1768].

MY DEAR FRIENDS, — I have never been a moment at rest since I wrote yesterday about this Soho ticket — I have been at a Secretary of State to get one — have been upon one knee to my friend Sir G[eorge] M[acartney], Mr. Lascelles — and Mr. Fitzmaurice —— without mentioning five more —— I believe I could as soon get you a place at court, for everybody is going — but I will go out and try a new circle —— and if you do not hear from me by a quarter after three, you may conclude I have been unfortunate in my supplications. — I send you this state of the affair, lest my silence should make you think I had neglected what I promised — but no — Mrs. J[ames] knows me better, and would never suppose it would be out of the head of one who is with so much truth her faithful friend,

L. STERNE.

LETTER CLXVII

To the Same

OLD BOND STREET, [LONDON],
Thursday [February 18, 1768].*

A THOUSAND thanks, and as many excuses, my dear friends, for the trouble my blunder has given you. By a second note I am astonish'd I could read Saturday for Sunday, or make any mistake in a card wrote by Mrs. J[ame]s, in which my friend is as unrival'd, as in a hundred greater excellencies.

I am now tyed down neck and heels (twice over) by engagements every day this week, or most joyfully would have trod the old pleasing road from Bond to Gerrard street. — My books will be to be had on Thursday,† but possibly on Wednesday in the afternoon. — I am quite well, but exhausted with a room full of company every morning till dinner — How do I lament I cannot eat my morsel (which is

* ["Thursday" is the only indication of date in the early editions.]

† [*A Sentimental Journey:* Announced in the newspapers as published on February 26 and 27.]

always sweet) with such kind friends! — The Sunday following I will assuredly wait upon you both —— and will come a quarter before four, that I may have both a little time and a little day light, to see Mrs. J[ames]'s picture. —— I beg leave to assure my friends of my gratitude for all their favours, with my sentimental thanks for every token of their good will. — Adieu, my dear friends — I am truly yours,

L. STERNE.

LETTER CLXVIII

From Dr. Eustace, in America, to the Rev. Mr. Sterne, with a Walking-stick

[Circa January, 1768.]

Sir, — When I assure you that I am a great admirer of Tristram Shandy, and have, ever since his introduction into the world, been one of his most zealous defenders against the repeated assaults of prejudice and misapprehension, I hope you will not treat this unexpected appearance in his company as an intrusion.

You know it is an observation, as remarkable for its truth as for its antiquity, that similitude of sentiments is the general parent of friendship. — It cannot be wondered at, that I should conceive an esteem for a person whom nature had most indulgently enabled to frisk and curvet with ease through all these intricacies of sentiments, which from irresistible propensity, she had impelled me to trudge through without merit or distinction.

The only reason that gave rise to this address to you, is my accidentally having met with a piece of true Shandean statuary, I mean according to vulgar opinion, for to such judges both appear equally destitute of regularity or design. — It was made by a very ingenious gentleman of this province, and presented to the late Governor Dobbs, after his death Mrs. D. gave it me: its singularity made many desirous of procuring it, but I had resolved, at first, not to part with it, till, upon reflection, I thought it would be a very proper and probably not an unacceptable, compliment to my favourite author, and in his hands might prove as ample a field for meditation as a button-hole, or a broom-stick. — I have the honour to be, &c. &c.

LETTER CLXIX

Mr. Sterne's Answer

LONDON, February 9, 1768.

SIR, — I this moment received your obliging letter and Shandean piece of sculpture along with it, of both which testimonies of your regard I have the justest sense, and return you, dear Sir, my best thanks and acknowledgment. Your walking stick is in no sense more Shandaic than in that of its having more handles than one; the parallel breaks only in this, that in using the stick, every one will take the handle which suits his convenience. In Tristram Shandy the handle is taken which suits the passions, their ignorance, or their sensibility. There is so little true feeling in the herd of the world, that I wish I could have got an act of parliament, when the books first appeared, that none but wise men should look into them. It is too much to write books, and find heads to understand them; the world, however, seems to come into a better temper about them, the people of genius here, being to a man on its side; and the reception it has

met with in France, Italy, and Germany, has engaged one part of the world to give it a second reading. The other, in order to be on the strongest side, has at length agreed to speak well of it too. A few hypocrites and tartuffes, whose approbation could do it nothing but dishonour, remain unconverted.

I am very proud, Sir, to have had a man like you on my side from the beginning; but it is not in the power of every one to taste humour, however he may wish it; it is the gift of God: and, besides, a true feeler always brings half the entertainment along with him; his own ideas are only called forth by what he reads, and the vibrations within him intirely correspond with those excited. — 'Tis like reading himself —— and not the book.

In a week's time I shall be delivered of two volumes of the Sentimental Travels of Mr. Yorick through France and Italy; but, alas! the ship sails three days too soon, and I have but to lament it deprives me of the pleasure of presenting them to you.

Believe me, dear Sir, with great thanks for the honour you have done me, with true esteem, your obliged humble servant,

LAWRENCE STERNE.

LETTER CLXX

To L. S[elwi]n, Esq.

Old Bond Street [London],
Wednesday, [February 17? 1768].*

Dear Sir, — Your commendations are very flattering. I know no one whose judgment I think more highly of, but your partiality for me is the only instance in which I can call it in question. — Thanks, my good sir, for the prints — I am much your debtor for them — if I recover from my ill state of health, and live to revisit Coxwould this summer, I will decorate my study with them, along with six beautiful pictures I have already of the sculptures on poor Ovid's tomb, which were executed on marble at Rome. — It grieves one to think such a man should have dy'd in exile, who wrote so well on the art of love. — Do not think me encroaching if I sollicit a favour — 'tis either to borrow, or beg (to beg if you please) some of those touched with chalk which

* ["Wednesday" is the only indication of date in the early editions.]

LIBRARY OF THE UNIVERSITY OF

you brought from Italy — I believe you have three sets, and if you can spare the imperfect one of cattle on colour'd paper, 'twill answer my purpose, which is namely this, to give a friend of ours. — You may be ignorant she has a genius for drawing, and whatever she excels in, she conceals, and her humility adds lustre to her accomplishments — I presented her last year with colours, and an apparatus for painting, and gave her several lessons before I left town. — I wish her to follow this art, to be a compleat mistress of it — and it is singular enough, but not more singular than true, that she does not know how to make a cow or a sheep, tho' she draws figures and landscapes perfectly well; which makes me wish her to copy from good prints. —— If you come to town next week, and dine where I am engaged next Sunday, call upon me and take me with you — I breakfast with Mr. Beauclerc, and am engaged for an hour afterwards with Lord O[ssory] so let our meeting be either at your house or my lodgings — do not be late, for we will go half an hour before dinner, to see a picture executed by West, most admirably — he has caught the character of our friend — such goodness is painted in that face,

that when one looks at it, let the soul be ever so much un-harmonized, it is impossible it should remain so. —— I will send you a set of my books — they will take with the generality — the women will read this book in the parlour, and Tristram in the bed-chamber. — Good night, dear sir — I am going to take my whey, and then to bed. Believe me yours most truly, L. STERNE.

LETTER CLXXI

To Miss Sterne

OLD BOND STREET [LONDON, March, 1768]. *

MY DEAREST LYDIA, — My Sentimental Journey, you say, is admired in York by every one — and 'tis not vanity in me to tell you that it is no less admired here — but what is the gratification of my feelings on this occasion? — The want of health bows me down, and vanity harbours not in thy father's breast — this vile influenza — be not alarm'd, I think I shall get the better of it —— and shall be with you both the first of May, and if I escape, 'twill not be for a long period, my child — unless a quiet retreat and peace of mind can restore me. —— The subject of thy letter has astonish'd me. — She could but know little of my feelings, to tell thee, that under the supposition I should survive thy mother, I should bequeath thee as a legacy to [Mrs. Draper]. No, my Lydia! 'tis a lady, whose virtues I

* [The first and all subsequent editions give February 20 as the date. But the letter was undoubtedly written in the first week of March.]

wish thee to imitate, that I shall entrust my girl to — I mean that friend whom I have so often talk'd and wrote about — from her you will learn to be an affectionate wife, a tender mother, and a sincere friend — and you cannot be intimate with her, without her pouring some part of the milk of human kindness into your breast, which will serve to check the heat of your own temper, which you partake in a small degree of. — Nor will that amiable woman put my Lydia under the painful necessity to fly to India for protection, whilst it is in her power to grant her a more powerful one in England. — But I think, my Lydia, that thy mother will survive me — do not deject her spirits with thy apprehensions on my account. — I have sent you a necklace, buckles, and the same to your mother. — My girl cannot form a wish that is in the power of her father, that he will not gratify her in — and I cannot, in justice be less kind to thy mother. — I am never alone —— The kindness of my friends is ever the same — I wish tho' I had thee to nurse me —— but I am deny'd that. — Write to me twice a week, at least. — God bless thee, my child, and believe me ever, ever thy affectionate father, L. S.

LETTER CLXXII

To Mrs. J[ames]

[Old Bond Street, London],
Tuesday [March 15,* 1768].

Your poor friend is scarce able to write — he has been at death's door this week with a pleurisy — I was bled three times on Thursday, and blister'd on Friday — The physician says I am better — God knows, for I feel myself sadly wrong, and shall, if I recover, be a long while of gaining strength. — Before I have gone thro' half this letter, I must stop to rest my weak hand above a dozen times. — Mr. J[ames] was so good to call upon me yesterday. I felt emotions not to be described at the sight of him, and he overjoy'd me by talking a great deal of you. — Do, dear Mrs. J[ames], entreat him to come to-morrow, or next day, for perhaps I have not many days, or hours to live — I want to ask a favour of him, if I find myself worse — that I shall beg of you, if in this wrestling I come off conqueror — my spirits are fled — 'tis a bad

* [Only "Tuesday" in 1775; the edition of 1780 assigned the letter to March 8.]

omen — do not weep my dear Lady — your tears are too precious to shed for me — bottle them up, and may the cork never be drawn. — Dearest, kindest, gentlest, and best of women! may health, peace, and happiness prove your handmaids. — If I die, cherish the remembrance of me, and forget the follies which you so often condemn'd — which my heart, not my head, betray'd me into. Should my child, my Lydia want a mother, may I hope you will (if she is left parentless) take her to your bosom? — You are the only woman on earth I can depend upon for such a benevolent action. — I wrote to her a fortnight ago, and told her what I trust she will find in you. — Mr. J[ames] will be a father to her — he will protect her from every insult, for he wears a sword which he has served his country with, and which he would know how to draw out of the scabbard in defence of innocence —— Commend me to him —— as I now commend you to that Being who takes under his care the good and kind part of the world. — Adieu — all grateful thanks to you and Mr. J[ames]. Your poor affectionate friend, L. STERNE.

MISCELLANIES

THE HISTORY

OF A

GOOD WARM WATCH-COAT,*

WITH WHICH THE PRESENT POSSESSOR

IS NOT CONTENT TO COVER HIS OWN SHOULDERS,

UNLESS HE CAN CUT OUT OF IT

A PETTICOAT FOR HIS WIFE, AND A PAIR OF BREECHES FOR HIS SON

A POLITICAL ROMANCE

SIR, — In my last, for want of something better to write about, I told you what a world of fending and proving we have had of late, in this little village † of ours, about an old cast-off pair of black plush-breeches,‡ which *John*,§ our

* As the following piece was suppressed during the lifetime of Mr. Sterne, and as there are some grounds to believe that it was not intended by him for publication, an apology may be deemed neces-

† York.

‡ The Commissaryship of Pickering and Pocklington.

§ Dr. John Fountayne, Dean of York.

parish clerk, about ten years ago, it seems, had made a promise of to one *Trim*,* who is our sexton and dog-whipper. — To this you write me word, that you have had more than either one or two occasions to know a great deal of the shifty behaviour of the said Master *Trim* — and that you are astonished, nor can you for your soul conceive, how so worthless a fellow, and so worthless a thing into the bargain,

sary for inserting it in the present edition of his Works. It must be acknowledged, that a mere *jeu d'esprit* relating to a private dispute which could interest only a few, and which was intended to divert a small circle of friends, was with great propriety concealed while it might tend to revive departed animosities, or give pain to any of the persons who were concerned in so trifling a contest. And these considerations seem to have had weight with those to whom the MS. was intrusted; it not having been made public until many years after it was written, nor until most of the gentlemen mentioned in it were dead. After the lapse of more than twenty years, it may be presumed that there can be no impropriety in giving one of the earliest of Mr. Sterne's *bagatelles* a place among his more important performances. The slightest sketches of a genius are too valuable to be neglected; and the present edition would be incomplete, if this composition, written immediately before Tristram Shandy, and which may be considered as the precursor of it, was omitted. As the whole of it alludes to facts and circumstances confined to the city of York, it will be necessary to observe, that it was occasioned by a controversy between Dr. Fountayne and Dr. Topham, in the year 1758, on a charge made by the latter, against the former, of a breach of promise, in withholding from him some preferment which he had reason to expect. For the better illustration of this little satire, a few notes are added, from the pamphlets which appeared while this insignificant difference was agitating.

* Dr. Topham.

could become the occasion of so much racket as I have represented. ———

Now, though you do not say expressly, you could wish to hear any more about it, yet I see plainly enough I have raised your curiosity, and therefore, from the same motive that I slightly mentioned it at all in my last letter, I will in this give you a full and very circumstantial account of the whole affair.

But, before I begin, I must first set you right in one very material point, in which I have misled you, as to the true cause of all this uproar amongst us — which does not take its rise, as I then told you, from the affair of the breeches, but, on the contrary, the whole affair of the breeches has taken its rise from it. — To understand which you must know, that the first beginning of the squabble was not betwixt *John* the parish-clerk and *Trim* the sexton, but betwixt the parson * of the parish and the said master *Trim*, about an old *watch-coat* † that had hung up many years in the church, which *Trim* had set his heart upon; and nothing would serve *Trim* but he must

* Dr. Hutton, Archbishop of York.

† A patent place, in the gift of the Archbishop, which had been given to Dr. Topham for his life, and which, in 1758, he solicited to have granted to one of his family after his death.

take it home in order to have it converted into a *warm under-petticoat* for his wife, and a *jerkin* for himself against winter; which, in a plaintive tone, he most humbly begged his reverence would consent to.

I need not tell you, Sir, who have so often felt it, that a principle of strong compassion transports a generous mind sometimes beyond what is strictly right; — the parson was within an ace of being an honourable example of this very crime —— for no sooner did the distinct words — *petticoat* — *poor wife* — *warm* — *winter*, strike upon his ear —— but his heart warmed — and before *Trim* had well got to the end of his petition (being a gentleman of a frank open temper) he told him he was welcome to it with all his heart and soul. — But, *Trim*, says he, as you see I am but just got down to my living, and am an utter stranger to all parish matters, knowing nothing about this old watch-coat you beg of me, having never seen it in my life, and therefore cannot be a judge whether 'tis fit for such a purpose, or, if it is, in truth know not whether 'tis mine to bestow upon you or not — you must have a week or ten days' patience, till I can make some inquiries about it — and, if I find

it is in my power, I tell you again, man, your wife is heartily welcome to an under-petticoat out of it, and you to a jerkin, was the thing as good again as you represent it.

It is necessary to inform you, Sir, in this place, that the parson was earnestly bent to serve *Trim* in this affair, not only from the motive of generosity, which I have justly ascribed to him, but likewise from another motive, and that was by making some sort of recompense for a multitude of small services which *Trim* had occasionally done, and indeed was continually doing (as he was much about the house) when his own man was out of the way. — For all these reasons together, I say, the parson of the parish intended to serve *Trim* in this matter to the utmost of his power. All that was wanting, was previously to inquire if any one had a *claim* to it, or whether, as it had time im[me]morial hung up in the church, the taking it down might not raise a clamour in the parish. These inquiries were the things that *Trim* dreaded in his heart —— he knew very well, that, if the parson should but say one word to the churchwardens about it, there would be an end of the whole affair. For this, and some other reasons not

necessary to be told you at present, *Trim* was for allowing no time in this matter — but on the contrary doubled his diligence and importunity at the vicarage-house — plagued the whole family to death — prest his suit morning, noon, and night, and, to shorten my story, teased the poor gentleman, who was but in an ill state of health, almost out of his life about it.

You will not wonder when I tell you, that all this hurry and precipitation, on the side of Master *Trim*, produced its natural effect on the side of the parson, and that was a suspicion that all was not right at the bottom.

He was one evening sitting alone in his study, weighing and turning this doubt every way in his mind, and after an hour and a half's serious deliberation upon the affair, and running over *Trim's* behaviour throughout —— he was just saying to himself — *it must be so* — when a sudden rap at the door put an end to the soliloquy, and in a few minutes to his doubts too; for a labourer in the town, who deemed himself past his fifty-second year, had been returned by the constables in the militia list —— and he had come with a groat in his hand to search the parish-register for his age. The parson bid the poor fellow put the groat

into his pocket, and go into the kitchen — then shutting the study door, and taking down the parish register — *who knows*, says he, *but I may find something here about this selfsame watch-coat?* He had scarce unclasped the book, in saying this, when he popped on the very thing he wanted, fairly wrote in the first page, pasted to the inside of one of the covers, whereon was a memorandum about the very thing in question, in these express words — *Memorandum.* "The great watch-coat was purchased and given, above two hundred years ago, by the lord of the manor to this parish church, to the sole use and behoof of the poor sexton[s] thereof, and their successors for ever, to be worn by them respectively in winterly cold nights in ringing *complines, passing bells, &c.* which the said lord of the manor had done in piety to keep the poor wretches warm, and for the good of his own soul, for which they were directed to pray, &c." *Just Heaven!* said the parson to himself looking upwards, *what an escape have I had! give this for an under-petticoat to* Trim's *wife! I would not have consented to such a desecration to be Primate of all* England — *nay, I would not have disturbed a single button of it for all my tithes.*

Scarce were the words out of his mouth, when in pops *Trim* with the whole subject of the exclamation under both his arms — I say under both his arms — for he had actually got it ript and cut out ready, his own jerkin under one arm, and the petticoat under the other, in order to carry to the taylor to be made up, and had just stepped in, in high spirits, to show the parson how cleverly it had held out.

There are now many good similies subsisting in the world, but which I have neither time to recollect or look for, which would give you a strong conception of the astonishment and honest indignation which this unexpected stroke of *Trim's* impudence impressed upon the parson's looks — let it suffice to say, that it exceeded all fair description — as well as all power of proper resentment —— except this, that *Trim* was ordered, in a stern voice, to lay the bundles down upon the table — to go about his business, and wait upon him, at his peril, the next morning at eleven precisely. — Against this hour, like a wise man, the parson had sent to desire *John* the parish clerk, who bore an exceeding good character as a man of truth, and who, having moreover a pretty freehold of about eighteen pounds a year in the

township, was a leading man in it; and, upon the whole, was such a one of whom it might be said, that he rather did honour to his office, than that his office did honour to him — him he sends for with the churchwardens, and one of the sidesmen, a grave, knowing old man, to be present — for, as *Trim* had withheld the whole truth from the parson touching the watch-coat, he thought it probable he would as certainly do the same thing to others. Tho' this, I said, was wise, the trouble of the precaution might have been spared — because the parson's character was unblemished — and he had ever been held by the world in the estimation of a man of honour and integrity. — *Trim's* character on the contrary was as well known, if not in the world at least in all the parish, to be that of a little, dirty, pimping, pettyfogging, ambidextrous fellow — who neither cared what he did or said of any, provided he could get a penny by it. This might, I said, have made any precaution needless — but you must know, as the parson had in a manner but just got down to his living, he dreaded the consequences of the least ill impression on his first entrance among his parishioners, which would have disabled

him from doing them the good he wished — so that out of regard to his flock, more than the necessary care due to himself — he was resolved not to lie at the mercy of what resentment might vent, or malice lend an ear to. ——

Accordingly the whole matter was rehearsed, from first to last, by the parson, in the manner I've told you, in the hearing of *John* the parish clerk, and in the presence of *Trim.*

Trim had little to say for himself, except "that the parson had absolutely promised to befriend him and his wife in the affair to the utmost of his power; that the watch-coat was certainly in his power, and that he might still give it him if he pleased."

To this the parson's reply was short, but strong, "That nothing was in his *power* to do but what he could do *honestly* — that, in giving the coat to him and his wife, he should do a manifest wrong to the *next* sexton, the great watch-coat being the most comfortable part of the place — that he should moreover injure the right of his own successor, who would be just so much a worse patron as the worth of the coat amounted to, and, in a word, he declared, that his whole intent in promising that coat

was charity to *Trim*, but *wrong* to no man — that was a reserve, he said, made in all cases of this kind: and he declared solemnly, *in verbo sacerdotis*, that this was his meaning, and was so understood by *Trim* himself."

With the weight of this truth, and the great good sense and strong reason which accompanied all the parson said on the subject — poor *Trim* was driven to his last shift — and begged he might be suffered to plead his right and title to the watch-coat, if not by *promise*, at least by *servitude* — it was well known how much he was intitled to it upon these scores: that he had black'd the parson's shoes without count, and greased his boots above fifty times — that he had run for eggs in the town upon all occasions — whetted the knives at all hours — catched his horse, and rubbed him down — that, for his wife, she had been ready upon all occasions to char for them; and neither he nor she, to the best of his remembrance, ever took a farthing, or any thing beyond a mug of ale. — To this account of his services, he begged leave to add those of his wishes, which, he said, had been equally great — he affirmed, and was ready he said, to make it appear, by a number of witnesses, "he had drank his reverence's

health a thousand times — (by the bye he did not add out of the parson's own ale) — that he had not only drank his health but wished it, and never came to the house but asked his man kindly how he did; that in particular, about half a year ago, when his reverence cut his finger in paring an apple, he went half a mile * to ask a cunning woman what was good to staunch blood, and actually returned with a cobweb in his breeches pocket. Nay, says *Trim*, it was not a fortnight ago, when your reverence took that strong purge, that I went to the far end of the whole town to borrow you a closestool — and came back, as the neighbours who flouted me will all bear witness, with the pan upon my head, and never thought it too much." *Trim* concluded this pathetic remonstrance with saying "he hoped his reverence's heart would not suffer him to requite so many faithful services by so unkind a return: — that if it was so, as he was the first, so he hoped he should be the last example of a man of his condition so treated." — This

* "Long before anything of my patent was thought of, I not only most sincerely lamented the Archbishop's illness, but made it my business to inquire after every place and remedy that might help his Grace in his complaint." — Extract of a letter from Dr. Topham, p. 26 of *Dr. Fountayne's Answer.*

plan of *Trim's* defence, which *Trim* had put himself upon, could admit of no other reply than [a] general smile. — Upon the whole, let me inform you, that all that could be said *pro* and *con*, on both sides, being fairly heard, it was plain that *Trim* in every part of this affair had behaved very ill — and one thing, which was never expected to be known of him, happened in the course of this debate to come out against him, namely, that he had gone and told the parson, before he had ever set foot in his parish,* that *John* his parish clerk —— his church-wardens, and some of the heads of the parish, were a parcel of scoundrels. — Upon the upshot, *Trim* was kick'd out of doors, and told at his peril never to come there again.

At first, *Trim* huff'd and bounced most terribly — swore he would get a warrant — that nothing would serve him but he would call a bye-law, and tell the whole parish how the parson had misused him ; but cooling of that, as fearing the parson might possibly bind him over to his good behaviour, and, for aught

* In Dr. Fountayne's Pamphlet, pp. 18 and 19, Dr. Topham is charged with having assured Archbishop Hutton, before he came into the Diocese, that the Dean and Chapter of York were a set of *strange people*, and that he would find it *very difficult*, if *not impossible*, to live upon good terms with them.

he knew, might send him to the house of correction, he lets the parson alone, and to revenge himself falls foul upon the clerk, who had no more to do in the quarrel than you or I — rips up the promise of the old — cast — pair of black — plush — breeches; and raises an uproar in the town about it, notwithstanding it had slept ten years — but all this, you must know, is looked upon in no other light but as an artful stroke of generalship in *Trim* to raise a dust, and cover himself under the disgraceful chastisement he has undergone. ——

If your curiosity is not yet satisfied — I will now proceed to relate the *battle* of the *breeches* in the same exact manner I have done that of the watch-coat. ——

Be it known then, that about ten years ago, when *John* was appointed parish-clerk of this church, this said *Trim* took no small pains to get into *John's* good graces, in order, as it afterwards appeared, to coax a promise out of him of a pair of breeches, which John had then by him, of black plush, not much the worse for wearing — *Trim* only begged, for God's sake, to have them bestowed upon him when *John* should think fit to cast them. —

Trim was one of those kind of men who

loved a bit of finery in his heart, and would rather have a tatter'd rag of a better body's, than the best plain whole thing his wife could spin him.

John, who was naturally unsuspicious, made no more difficulty of promising the breeches than the parson had done in promising the great coat; and indeed with something less reserve — because the breeches were *John's own*, and he could give them, without wrong, to whom he thought fit.

It happened, I was going to say unluckily, but I should rather say most luckily, for *Trim*, for he was the only gainer by it, that a quarrel, about some six or eight weeks after this, broke out betwixt *the late* parson * of the parish and *John* the clerk. Somebody (and it was thought to be nobody but *Trim*) had put it into the parson's head, "that *John's* desk † in the church was at least four inches higher than it should be — that the thing gave offence, and was indecorous, inasmuch as it approached too near upon a level with the parson's desk itself." — This hardship the parson complained

* Archbishop Herring.

† This alludes to the right of appointing Preachers for the vacant stalls, which Dr. Fountayne, as Dean of York, claimed against the Archbishop.

of loudly, and told *John*, one day after prayers, "he could bear it no longer — and would have it altered, and brought down as it should be." *John* made no other reply, but "that the desk was not of his raising: — that 'twas not one hair breadth higher than he found it — and that as he found it so he would leave it. —— In short, he would neither make an encroachment, neither would he suffer one." — The *late* parson might have his virtues, but the leading part of his character was not *humility* — so that *John's* stiffness in this point was not likely to reconcile matters. — This was *Trim's* harvest.

After a friendly hint to *John* to stand his ground, away hies *Trim* to make his market at the vicarage. — What passed there I will not say, intending not to be uncharitable; so shall content myself with only guessing at it from the sudden change that appeared in *Trim's* dress for the better — for he had left his old ragged coat, hat, and wig, in the stable, and was come forth strutting across the church-yard, yclad in a good charitable cast coat, large hat, and wig, which the parson had just given him. — Ho! ho! hollo! *John*, cries *Trim*, in an insolent bravo, as loud as ever he could bawl — see here, my lad, how fine I am. — The more

shame for you, answered *John* seriously — Do you think, *Trim*, says he, such finery, gained by such services, becomes you, or can wear well? ——— Fie upon it, *Trim*, I could not have expected this from you, considering what friendship you pretended, and how kind I have ever been to you — how many shillings, and sixpences, I have generously lent you in your distresses. —— Nay, it was but the other day that I promised you these black plush breeches I have on. — Rot your breeches, quoth *Trim* (for *Trim's* brain was half turn'd with his new finery) rot your breeches, says he — I would not take them up were they laid at my door —— give them, and be d——d to you, to whom you like —— I would have you to know I can have a better pair of the parson's any day in the week. ——*John* told him plainly, as his word had once passed him, he had a spirit above taking advantage of his insolence in giving them away to another — but, to tell him his mind freely, he thought he had got so many favours of that kind, and was so likely to get many more for the same services, of the parson, that he had better give up the breeches, with good nature, to some one who would be more thankful for them.

Here *John* mentioned *Mark Slender* * (who it seems the day before had asked *John* for them) not knowing they were under promise to *Trim* — "Come, Trim,† says he, let poor *Mark* have them — you know he has not a pair to his a —, besides, you see he is just of my size, and they will fit to a T, whereas if I give 'em to you, look ye, they are not worth much, and besides, you could not get your backside into them, if you had them, without tearing them to pieces." — Every tittle of this was most undoubtedly true, for *Trim*, you must know, by foul-feeding, and playing the good-fellow at the parson's, was grown somewhat gross about the lower parts, *if not higher;* so that, as all *John* said upon the occasion was fact, *Trim* with much ado, and after a hundred hums and hahs, at last, out of mere compassion to *Mark, signs,† seals, and delivers up* ALL RIGHT INTEREST, AND PRETENSIONS WHATSOEVER, IN, AND TO THE SAID BREECHES, THEREBY BINDING HIS HEIRS, EXECUTORS, AD-

* Dr. Braithwaite.

† Extract of a Letter from Dr. Topham to Dr. Fountayne: "As Dr. Ward has proposed to resign the jurisdiction of Pickering and Pocklington to Dr. Braithwaite, if you have not any other objection, I shall very readily give up what INTEREST arises to me in these jurisdictions from your friendship and regard."—P. 5. of *Dr. Fountayne's Answer to Dr. Topham.*

MINISTRATORS, AND ASSIGNS, NEVER MORE TO CALL THE SAID CLAIM IN QUESTION. — All this renunciation was set forth, in an ample manner, to be in pure pity to *Mark's* nakedness — but the secret was, *Trim* had an eye to, and firmly expected, in his own mind the great green pulpit-cloth,* and old velvet cushion, which were that very year to be taken down — which, by the by, could he have wheedled *John* a second time, as he had hoped, would have made up the loss of the breeches seven fold.

Now, you must know, this pulpit-cloth and cushion were not in *John's* gift, but in the church-wardens,† &c. However, as I said above, that *John* was a leading man in the parish, *Trim* knew he could help him to 'em if he would — but *John* had got a surfeit of him — so, when the pulpit-cloth, &c. were taken down, they were immediately given (*John* having a great say in it) to *William Doe*,‡ who understood very well what use to make of them.

As for the old breeches, poor *Mark* lived

* The Commissaryship of Dean of York, and the Commissaryship of the Dean and Chapter of York.

† The Members of the Chapter.

‡ Mr. Stables.

to wear them but a short time, and they got into the possession of *Lorry Slim*,* an unlucky wight, by whom they are still worn — in truth, as you will guess, they are very thin by this time.

But *Lorry* has a light heart, and what recommends them to him is this, that, as thin as they are, he knows that *Trim*, let him say what he will to the contrary, still envies the *possessor* of them, and with all his pride would be very glad to wear them after *him*.

Upon this footing have these affairs slept quietly for near ten years — and would have slept for ever, but for the unlucky kicking bout, which, as I said, has ripped this squabble up afresh; so that it was no longer ago than last week, that *Trim* met and † insulted *John* in the public town-way before a hundred people — tax'd him with the promise of the old cast pair of black breeches, notwithstanding *Trim's* solemn renunciation — twitted him with the pulpit-cloth and velvet cushion — as good as told him he was ignorant of the common duties of his clerkship; adding, very inso-

* Mr. Sterne himself.

† At the Sessions dinner, where Dr. Topham charged Dr. Fountayne with the breach of his promise, in giving the Commissaryship of Pocklington and Pickering to another person.

lently, that he knew not so much as to give out a common psalm in tune.

John contented himself by giving a plain answer to every article that *Trim* had laid to his charge, and appealed to his neighbours who remembered the whole affair — and, as he knew there was never anything to be got by wrestling with a chimney-sweeper, he was going to take his leave of *Trim* for ever. But hold — the mob by this time had got round them, and their high mightinesses insisted upon having *Trim* tried upon the spot. ———

Trim was accordingly tried, and after a full hearing, was convicted a second time, and handled more roughly by one or more of them than even at the parson's. ——

Trim, says one, are you not ashamed of yourself to make all this rout and disturbance in the town, and set neighbours together by the ears, about an old — worn — out — pair of cast — breeches not worth half a crown? Is there a cast coat, or a place in the whole town, that will bring you in a shilling, but what you have snapped up like a greedy hound as you are. ———

In the first place, are you not sexton and

dog-whipper,* worth three pounds a year? Then you begged the church-wardens to let your wife have the washing and darning of the church-linen, which brings you in thirteen shillings and fourpence; then you have six shillings and eightpence for oiling and winding up the clock, both paid you at Easter — the pounder's place, which is worth forty shillings a year, you have got that too — you are the bailiff, which the late parson got you, which brings you in forty shillings more.

Besides all this, you have six pounds a year, paid you quarterly for being mole-catcher to the parish. Aye, says the luckless wight above-mentioned (who was standing close by him with the plush breeches on) "you are not only mole-catcher, *Trim*, but you catch STRAY CONIES too in the *dark*, and you pretend a licence for it, which, I trow, will be looked into at the next quarter sessions." I maintain

* "In the first place, would any one imagine that Dr. Topham, who was now Master to the Faculties — Commissary to the Archbishop of York — Official to the Archdeacon of York — Official to the Archdeacon of the East Riding — Official to the Archdeacon of Cleveland — Official to the Peculiar Jurisdiction of Howdenshire — Official to the Precentor — Official to the Chancellor of the Church of York — and Official to several of the Prebendaries thereof, could accept of so poor an addition as a Commissaryship of five guineas per annum?" — *P.S.* of *Dr. Fountayne's Answer to Dr. Topham.*

it, I have a licence, says *Trim*, blushing as red as scarlet — I have a licence, and, as I farm a warren in the next parish, I will catch conies every hour of the night. — *You catch conies!* says a toothless old woman just passing by.

This set the mob a laughing, and sent every man home in perfect good humour, except *Trim*, who waddled very slowly off with that kind of inflexible gravity only to be equalled by one animal in the creation, and surpassed by none. I am, sir, yours, &c. &c.

POSTSCRIPT.

I HAVE broke open my letter to inform you, that I missed the opportunity of sending it by the messenger, who I expected would have called upon me on his return through this village to York; so it has lain a week or ten days by me — I am not sorry for the disappointment, because something has since happened, in continuation of this affair, which I am thereby enabled to transmit to you all under one trouble.

When I finished the above account, I thought (as did every soul in the parish) *Trim* had met with so thorough a rebuff from *John*

the parish clerk, and the town's-folks, who all took against him, that *Trim* would be glad to be quiet, and let the matter rest.

But, it seems, it is not half an hour ago since *Trim* * sallied forth again, and, having borrowed a sowgelder's horn, with hard blowing he got the whole town round him, and endeavoured to raise a disturbance, and fight the whole battle over again — alleged that he had been used in the last fray worse than a dog, not by *John* the parish clerk, for I should not, quoth *Trim*, have valued him a rush single-hands — but all the town sided with him, and twelve men in *buckram* † set upon me, all at once, and kept me in play at sword's point for three hours together.

Besides, quoth *Trim*, there were two misbegotten knaves in *Kendal green*, who lay all the while in ambush in *John's* own house, and they all sixteen came upon my back, and let drive at me all together — a plague, says *Trim*, of all cowards.

Trim repeated his story above a dozen times, which made some of the neighbours pity him,

* Alluding to Dr. Topham's Reply to Dr. Fountayne's Answer.

† In Dr. Topham's Reply, he asserts that Dr. Fountayne's Answer was *the child and offspring of many parents*, p. 1.

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thinking the poor fellow crack-brained, and that he actually believed what he said.

After this *Trim* dropped the affair of the breeches, and began afresh dispute about the reading-desk, which I told you had occasioned some small dispute between the *late* parson and *John* some years ago. — This reading-desk, as you will observe, was but an episode wove into the main story by the bye, for the main affair was *the battle of the breeches and the great coat.*

However, *Trim* being at last driven out of these two citadels — he has seized hold, in his retreat, of this reading-desk, with a view, as it seems, to take shelter behind it.

I cannot say but the man has fought it out obstinately enough, and, had his cause been good, I should have really pitied him. For, when he was driven out of the *great watch-coat*, you see he did not run away; no — he retreated behind the breeches; and, when he could make nothing of it behind the breeches, he got behind the reading-desk. To what other hold *Trim* will next retreat, the politicians of this village are not agreed. Some think his next move will be towards the rear of the parson's boot; but, as it is thought he

cannot make a long stand there, others are of opinion, that *Trim* will once more in his life get hold of the parson's horse, and charge upon him, or perhaps behind him; but, as the horse is not easy to be caught, the more general opinion is, that, when he is driven out of the reading-desk, he will make his last retreat in such a manner, as, if possible, to gain the *close-stool*, and defend himself behind it to the very last drop.

If *Trim* should make this movement, by my advice he should be left, beside his citadel, in full possession of the field of battle, where 'tis certain he will keep everybody a league off, and may hop by himself till he is weary. Besides, as *Trim* seems bent upon *purging* himself, and may have abundance of foul humours to work off, I think he cannot be better placed.

But this is all matter of speculation — Let me carry you back to matter of fact, and tell you what kind of stand *Trim* has actually made behind the said desk: "Neighbours and townsmen all, I will be sworn before my lord mayor, that *John* and his nineteen men in *buckram* have abused me worse than a dog; for they told you that I play'd fast and go

loose with the *late* parson and him in that old dispute of theirs about the *reading-desk*, and that I made matters worse between them and not better."

Of this charge *Trim* declared he was as innocent as the child that was unborn — that he would be book-sworn he had no hand in it.

He produced a strong witness, and moreover insinuated, that *John* himself, instead of being angry for what he had done in it, had actually thanked him — Aye, *Trim*, says the wight in the plush-breeches, but that was, *Trim*, the day before *John* found thee out. Besides, *Trim*, there is nothing in that, for the very year that you was made town's pounder, thou knowest well that I both thanked thee myself, and moreover gave thee a good warm supper for turning *John Lund's* cows and horses out of my hard corn close, which if thou hadst not done, (as thou toldst me) I should have lost my whole crop; whereas *John Lund* and *Thomas Patt*, who are both here to testify, and are both willing to take their oaths on't, that thou thyself was the very man who set the gate open — and after all, it was not thee, *Trim*, 'twas the blacksmith's poor lad who turned them out — so

that a man may be thanked and rewarded too for a good turn which he never did, nor ever did intend.

Trim could not sustain this unexpected stroke — so *Trim* marched off the field without colours flying, or his horn sounding, or any other ensigns of honour whatever. — Whether after this *Trim* intends to rally a second time — or whether he may not take it into his head to claim the victory — none but *Trim* himself can inform you.

However, the general opinion upon the whole is this, that, in three several pitch'd battles, *Trim* has been so *trimm'd* as never disastrous hero was *trimm'd* before.

THE FRAGMENT

CHAPTER I

Shewing two Things; first, what a Rabelaic Fellow LONGINUS RABELAICUS *is, and secondly, how cavalierly he begins his Book.*

MY dear and thrice reverend brethren, as well archbishops and bishops, as the *rest* of the inferior clergy! would it not be a glorious thing, if any man of genius and capacity amongst us for such a work, was fully bent within himself, to sit down immediately and compose a thorough-stitch'd system of the KERUKOPAEDIA, fairly setting forth, to the best of his wit and memory, and collecting for that purpose all that is needful to be known, and understood of that art?——Of what art cried PANURGE? Good God! answered LONGINUS (making an exclamation, but taking care at the same time to moderate his voice) why, of the art of making all kinds of your theological, hebdodomical, rostrummical, humdrummical what d'ye call 'ems——I will be shot, quoth EPISTE-

MON, if all this story of thine of a roasted horse, is simply no more than S—— Sausages? quoth PANURGE. Thou hast fallen twelve feet and about five inches below the mark, answer'd EPISTEMON, for I hold them to be *Sermons* — which said word, (as I take the matter) being but a word of low degree, for a book of high rhetoric — LONGINUS RABELAICUS was fore-minded to usher and lead into his dissertation, with as much pomp and parade as he could afford; and for my own part, either I know no more of Latin than my horse, or the KERUKOPAEDIA is nothing but the art of making 'em — And why not, quoth GYMNAST, of preaching them when we have done? — Believe me, dear souls, this is half in half — and if some skilful body would but put us in a way to do this to some *tune* —— Thou wouldst not have them *chanted* surely, quoth TRIBOULET, laughing? — No, nor *canted* neither, quoth GYMNAST, crying! — but what I mean, my friends, says LONGINUS RABELAICUS (who is certainly one of the greatest critics in the western world, and as Rabelaic a fellow as ever existed) what I mean, says he, interrupting them both and resuming his discourse, is this, that if all the scatter'd rules of the KER-

UKOPAEDIA could be but once carefully collected into one code, as thick as PANURGE'S head, and the whole *cleanly* digested — (pooh, says PANURGE, who felt himself aggrieved) and bound up continued LONGINUS, by way of a regular institute, and then put into the hands of every licensed preacher in Great Britain, and Ireland, just before he began to compose, I maintain it — I deny it flatly, quoth PANURGE —— What? answered LONGINUS RABELAICUS with all the temper in the world.

CHAPTER II

In which the Reader will begin to form a Judgment, of what an Historical, Dramatical, Anecdotical, Allegorical, and Comical Kind of a Work he has got hold of.

HOMENAS who had to preach next Sunday (before God knows whom) knowing nothing at all of the matter — was all this while at it as hard as he could drive in the very next room: — for having fouled two clean sheets of his own, and being quite stuck fast in the entrance upon his third general *division*, and finding himself unable to get either forwards or backwards with any grace — "Curse it," says he, (thereby excommunicating every mother's son

who should think differently) "why may not a man lawfully call in for help in this, as well as any other human emergency?" — So without any more argumentation, except starting up and nimming down from the top shelf but one, the second volume of CLARK — tho' without any felonious intention in so doing, he had begun to clap me in (making a joint first) five whole pages, nine round paragraphs, and a dozen and a half of good thoughts all of a row; and because there was a confounded high gallery — was transcribing it away like a little devil. — Now — quoth HOMENAS to himself, "tho' I hold all this to be fair and square, yet, if I am found out, there will be the deuce and all to pay." — *Why are the bells ringing backwards, you lad? what is all that crowd about, honest man?* HOMENAS *was got upon Doctor* CLARK'S *back, sir —— and what of that, my lad? Why an please you, he has broke his neck, and fractured his skull, and befouled himself into the bargain, by a fall from the pulpit two stories high.* Alas! poor HOMENAS! HOMENAS has done his business! — HOMENAS will never preach more while breath is in his body. — No, faith, I shall never again be able to tickle it off as I have done. I may

sit up whole winter nights baking my blood with hectic watchings, and write as solid as a FATHER of the church —— or, I may sit down whole summer days evaporating my spirits into the finest thoughts, and write as florid as a MOTHER of it. — In a word, I may compose myself off my legs, and preach till I burst — and when I have done, it will be worse than if not done at all. — *Pray Mr. Such-a-one, who held forth last Sunday? Doctor* CLARK, *I trow; says one. Pray what Doctor* CLARK *says a second? Why* HOMENAS's *Doctor* CLARK, *quoth a third.* O rare HOMENAS! cries a fourth; your *servant*, MR. HOMENAS, quoth a *fifth.* —— 'Twill be all over with me, by Heav'n — I may as well put the book from whence I took it. — Here HOMENAS burst into a flood of tears, which falling down helter-skelter, ding dong without any kind of intermission for six minutes and almost twenty five seconds, had a marvellous effect upon his discourse; for the aforesaid tears, do you mind, did so temper the wind that was rising upon the aforesaid discourse, but falling for the most part perpendicularly, and hitting the spirits at right angles, which were mounting horizontally all over the surface of his ha-

rangue, they not only play'd the devil and all with the sublimity — but moreover the said tears, by their nitrous quality, did so refrigerate, precipitate, and hurry down to the bottom of his soul, all the unsavory particles which lay fermenting (as you saw) in the middle of his conception, that he went on in the coolest and chastest stile (for a *soliloquy* I think) that ever mortal man uttered.

"This is really and truly a very hard case, continued HOMENAS to himself" —— PANURGE, by the bye, and all the company in the next room hearing all along every syllable he spoke; for you must know, that notwithstanding PANURGE had open'd his mouth as wide as he could for his blood, in order to give a round answer to LONGINUS RABELAICUS's interrogation, which concluded the last chapter — yet HOMENAS's rhetoric had pour'd in so like a torrent, slap-dash thro' the wainscot amongst them, and happening at that *uncritical* crisis, when PANURGE had just put his ugly face into the above-said posture of defence — that he stopt short — he did indeed, and, tho' his head was full of matter, and he had screw'd up every nerve and muscle belonging to it, till all cryed *crack* again, in order to give a due

projectile force to what he was going to let fly, full in LONGINUS RABELAICUS's teeth who sat over against him. — Yet for all that, he had the continence to contain himself, for he stopt short, I say, without uttering one word except, Z——ds — many reasons may be assign'd for this, but the most true, the most strong, the most hydrostatical, and the most philosophical reason, why PANURGE did not go on, was — that the fore-mention'd *torrent* did so *drown* his voice, that he had none left to go on with. — God help him, poor fellow! so he stopt short (as I have told you before) and all the time HOMENAS was speaking he said not another word, good or bad, but stood gaping, and staring, like what you please — so that the break, mark'd thus —— which HOMENAS's grief had made in the middle of his discourse, which he could no more help than he could fly — produced no other change in the room where LONGINUS RABELAICUS, EPISTEMON, GYMNAST, TRIBOULET, and nine or ten more honest blades had got Kerukopædizing together, but that it gave time to GYMNAST to give PANURGE a good squashing chuck under his double chin; which PANURGE taking in good part, and just as it was meant by GYMNAST, he forthwith

shut his mouth — and gently sitting down upon a stool though somewhat excentrically and out of neighbours row, but listening, as all the rest did, with might and main, they plainly and distinctly heard every syllable of what you will find recorded in the very next chapter.

AN IMPROMPTU *

No — not one farthing would I give for such a coat in wet weather, or dry — If the sun shines you are sure of being melted, because it closes so tight about one — if it rains it is no more a defence than a cobweb — a very sieve, o' my conscience! that lets through every drop, and like many other things that

* [While Becket, the London publisher, was preparing the correspondence of Sterne for the press, he received this mad piece with the following letter:

To Mr. Becket

EXETER, July, 1775.

SIR, — This was quite an *Impromptu* of Yorick's after he had been thoroughly *soused*. — He drew it up in a few moments without stopping his pen. I should be glad to see it in your intended collection of Mr. Sterne's memoirs, &c. If you should have a copy of it, you will be able to rectify a misapplication of a term that Mr. Sterne could never be guilty of, as one great excellence of his writings lies in the most happy choice of metaphors and allusions — such as shewed his philosophic judgement, at the same time that they displayed his wit and genius — but it is not for me to comment on, or correct so great an original. I should have sent this fragment as soon as I saw Mrs. Medalle's advertisement, had I not been at a distance from my papers. I expect much entertainment from this posthumous work of a man to whom no one is more indebted for amusement and instruction, than, sir, your humble servant,

S. P.]

are put on only for a cover, mortifies you with disappointment and makes you curse the impostor, when it is too late to avail one's self of the discovery. Had I been wise I should have examined the claim the coat had to the title of "defender of the body" — before I had trusted my body in it — I should have held it up to the light like other suspicious matters I have seen, how much it was likely to admit of that which I wanted to keep out — whether it was no more than such a frail, flimsy contexture of flesh and blood, as I am fated to carry about with me through every tract of this dirty world, could have comfortably and safely dispensed within so short a journey — taking into my account the chance of spreading trees — thick hedges o'erhanging the road — with twenty other coverts that a man may thrust his head under — if he is not violently pushed on by that d—d stimulus — you know where — that will not let a man sit still in one place for half a minute together — but, like a young nettlesome tit is eternally on the fret, and is for pushing on still farther — or if the poor scared devil is not hunted tantivy by a hue and cry with gives and a halter dangling before his eyes — now in either case he has not

a minute to throw away in standing still, but like king Lear must brave "the peltings of a pitiless storm" and give heaven leave to "rumble its belly full — spit fire — or spout rain" as spitefully as it pleaseth, without finding the inclination or the resolution to slacken his pace lest something should be lost that might have been gained, or more gotten than he well knows how to get rid of — Now had I acted with as much prudence as some other good folks — I could name many of them who have been made b——ps within my remembrance for having been hooded and muffled up in a larger quantity of this dark drab of mental manufacture than ever fell to my share — and absolutely for nothing else — as will be seen when they are undressed another day — Had I had but as much as might have been taken out of their cloth without lessening much of the size, or injuring in the least the shape, or contracting aught of the doublings and foldings, or confining to a less circumference, the superb sweep of any one cloak that any one b——p ever wrapt himself up in — I should never have given this coat a place upon my shoulders. I should have seen by the light at one glance, how little it would keep out of

rain, by how little it would keep in of darkness —— This a coat for a rainy day? do pray madam hold it up to that window — did you ever see such an *illustrious* coat since the day you could distinguish between a coat and a pair of breeches? —— My lady did not understand derivatives, and so she could not see quite through my splendid pun. Pope Sixtus would have blinded her with the same "darkness of excessive light." What a flood of it breaks in thro' this rent? what an irradiation beams through that? what twinklings — what sparklings as you wave it before your eyes in the broad face of the sun? Make a fan out of it for the ladies to look at their gallants with at church — It has not served me for one purpose — it will serve them for two —— This is coarse stuff — of worse manufacture than the cloth — put it to its proper use, for I love when things sort and join well — make a philtre * of it —— while there is a drop to be ex-

* This allusion is improper. A philtre originally signifies a love-potion — and as it is used as a noun from the verb *philtrate* —— it must signify a *strainer*, not a *sucker*. — Cloth is sometimes used for the purpose of *draining* by means of its pores or capillary tubes, but its action is contrary to philtration. His meaning is obvious enough; but as he drew up this fragment without stopping his pen, as I was informed, it is no wonder he erred in the application of some of his terms.

tracted — I know but one thing in the world that will draw, drain, or suck like it —— and that is —— neither wool nor flax — make — make anything of it, but a vile, hypocritical coat for me — for I never can say *sub Jove* (whatever Juno might) that "it is a pleasure to be wet." * L. STERNE.

* [Adapted from Rochester's "'Twas so pleasant to be wet!" — *A Dialogue.*]

A DREAM

To Mr. Cook

I HAVE just been sporting myself with some wild Fancys, wch to amuse myself I have wrote down. I dare trust them to your Candour, as a Friend. — Do not examine the Allusions, till you have read quite thro.

As I walked in ye Orchard last night by star light, I was raising my imagination to the sublime notions of ye modern philosophy, wch makes ye earth to be of ye nature of a planet, moving round ye sun, and supposes all ye fixed stars to be suns in their respective systems, each of them surrounded, like this of ours, by a Quire of Planets. And why, thought I, may not all these Planets be inhabited, as well as this our globe? Has not ye microscope given us sensible evidence of a vast number of *new worlds*, if I may so speak, wch before were not imagin'd to exist? And wt Limits can we set to ye works of God and Nature? Thus thinking, I stop'd close to a

Plumb-tree, and went on wth my Reverie thus —

This notion is laugh'd at as a wild chimerical fancy by ye generality of ye inhabitants of this our globe, and probably it wd find ye same reception with those of any other. The inhabitants of ye most inconsiderable Planet that revolves round ye most inconsiderable Star I can pick out of this vast number, look upon *their world*, I'll warrant you, as ye only one yt exists. They believe it the center of ye universe, and suppose yt ye whole system of ye Heavens turns round them, and was made, and moves purely for *their sakes*. So considerable do they imagine themselves as doubtless to hold that all these numerous stars (our sun among ye rest) were created with ye only view of twinkling upon such of them, as have occasion to follow their cattle late at night.

A set of worlds moving round another great world make up ye system of a primary planet; several of these systems moving round a sun make up a solar system; each of these solar systems may again make a part of a still higher system, and so on as far as ye imagination pleases. On ye other side, an animal body

may afford support, and sustenance, and be as it were an *earth* to a world of other animals wch live upon it, each of these again may be peopled with a world of others, and so on as before. . . . We are situate on a kind of isthmus, wch separates two Infinitys. The mind can in Idea multiply and increase any finite space or quantity infinitely, and also infinitely divide and subdivide it: nor can it find any where on either side any necessity of setting bounds to the works of creation, or fixing ye stage where ye scale of being must end.

It's hard to say whether side of ye prospects strikes ye imagination most; whether ye solar system or a drop of pepper water afford a nobler subject of contemplation; in short whether we owe more to ye Telescope or microscope. On one side infinite Power and wisdom appear drawn at *full extent;* on ye other, in *miniature.* The infinitely *strong and bold Strokes there,* ye infinitely *nice and delicate Touches here,* shew equally in both ye divine hand.

By a different conformation of its senses a Creature might be made to apprehend any given Portion of space, as greater, or less in any Proportion, than it appears to us. This

we are assured of from Optics. I doubt not also but that by a *different conformation* of y^e^ Brain a Creature might be made to apprehend any given portion of time as longer or shorter in any proportion than it appears to us. Glasses can make an *inch* seem a *mile.* I leave it to future ages to invent a method for making a *minute* seem a *year.* One cannot help recollecting a very fine Spectator * on this occasion.

The vigour w^th^ w^ch^ y^e^ mind acts does no way depend on y^e^ Bulk of y^e^ body. The mind in a less body may act with y^e^ same intenseness, tho' it cannot produce the same outward effects. So a man that fights only with a club may be as brave and resolute as one that fires off[f] y^e^ battering cannon. That part of us w^ch^ is y^e^ immediate vehicle of y^e^ active, thinking principle within us is perhaps *small* beyond conception. I can imagine that I might possess all y^e^ same mental powers and capacitys, and exert as vigorous acts of thinking and willing as I now do, tho' my body were no bigger than y^e^ millionth part of a grain of sand.

So that for ought I know, two nations on

* No. 94.

each side a Fibre of a green leaf may meet and perform actions as truly great as any we read of in y^e^ history of Alexander. Their courage, resolution, and patience of Pain may be as great, as y^t^ exhibited by y^e^ Macedonian army, nay and even y^e^ prize of y^e^ contest no way inferior to that w^ch^ animated y^e^ brave Greeks. The possession or conquest of y^e^ Leaf may gratify as many and as strong desires in them, as that of y^e^ earth in us.

Upon y^e^ whole, y^e^ surface of a grain of sand to a creature that lives upon it may appear as great and give as grand and striking an Idea, as y^e^ surface of y^e^ earth to us, and may no less abound w^th^ variety of y^e^ accommodations of life. An hour or minute to a creature of that duration may appear as long as 4 score and 10 years to us, and be fill'd with as numerous and no less intense enjoyments and troubles. So that I can conceive not only an Illiad, but a kind of universe included within y^e^ sphere of a Nutshell; as great a number and variety of beings, events as numerous and various, nay as great and important within y^e^ space of a *natural day*, as fall within y^e^ reach of sense in the whole solar system during y^e^ revolution of the great *platonic year*.

So far I had indulg'd y^{e} extravagance of my fancy when I bethought myself it was bed-time, and I dare swear you will say it was high time for me to go to sleep.

I went to bed accordingly. From that time I know not what happen'd to me, till by degrees I found myself in a new state of being, without any remembrance or suspicion that I had ever existed before, growing up gradually to reason and manhood, as I had done here. The world I was in was vast and commodious. The heavens were enlighten'd with abundance of smaller luminarys resembling stars, and one glaring one resembling the moon; but with this difference that they seem'd fix'd in the heavens, and had no apparent motion. There were also a set of Luminarys (A) of a different nature, that gave a dimmer light. They were of various magnitudes, and appear'd in different forms. Some had y^{e} form of crescents; others, that shone opposite to y^{e} great light, appear'd round. We call'd them by a name, w^{ch} in our language w^{d} sound like second stars. Besides these, there were several luminous (B) streaks running across y^{e} heavens like our milky way; and many variable glimmerings (C) like our north-lights.

After having made my escapè from the follies of youth, I betook myself to the study of natural philosophy. The philosophy there profess'd was reckon'd the most excellent in ye world and was said to have receiv'd its utmost perfection. After long and tedious study, I found that it was little else, than a heap of unintelligible jargon. All I could make out of it was, that ye world we liv'd on was flat, immensely extended every way, and that the sky was spread over it like a tent.

Dissatisfy'd wth this, I resolv'd to travel in quest of knowledge to a foreign country renown'd for wisdom; but found there instead of knowledge only a vain affectation of mystery in order to gain ye veneration of ye vulgar, and thereby serve ye ends of government. Disappointed here, I resolv'd to travel further, and continu'd ye same route thro' infinite dangers and difficulties. By degrees I found a considerable alteration in ye heavens. The stars behind me were grown lower, those before me appear'd higher. A huge *dusky veil* (D) like a Cloud wch was only tinsel'd over with a faint glimmer of light was rising upon ye heavens. In process of time, as I continu'd my journey, it quite covered ye Hemisphere,

ye luminarys having all successively set behind me. Still continuing my wearisome travels, I found ye dusky veil began in its turn to remove towards that part of ye heavens behind my back. Stars arose before me, wch I recollected to have seen formerly. To be short, in process of time I found myself in the same country from whence I set out, and ye heavenly bodys all in the same position, as I had left them.

I no longer doubted that the world was globular, I openly declar'd my opinion, and ye grounds of it. But it being thought contrary to the doctrines of a religion wch then prevail'd, I narrowly escap'd being burnt for a Heretick.

I retired from ye world to indulge my speculations. I began by degrees to perceive that I was exempt from ye Fate of the other inhabitants of that world, whose life was limited to a term, that seem'd about the length of 3 or 4 score years, as time is reckon'd here. I spent in my solitude 3 or 4 ages. During this time I had observ'd that ye heavens had a motion, tho' slow, and found that celestial as well as terrestrial things were in some measure subject to change. I even foresaw, wth great

grief, y^e^ time when y^e^ great light shou'd (as I observ'd several stars had done), sink under the dark veil, and leave us in eternal night.

I now return'd to y^e^ world. I found y^t^ a great Revolution had happened there. That free-thinking was now y^e^ fashion, as much as religion had been formerly. This gave me great encouragement, I propos'd my notions, that y^e^ heavens had a motion, that this our world was a globe inhabited all round; that notwithstanding its vast dimensions, w^ch^ I had experienc'd by my Travels, y^e^ heavenly bodys were even the measure of several of its *diameters* distant from us. That probably some of these, particularly the *great light* might be of a magnitude equal to y^e^ whole continent we liv'd upon. This gave occasion to infinite mirth, and was a most pregnant subject of wit, and humour among y^e^ gay world. I found I was like to be persecuted as much now with y^e^ Raillerie of free-thinkers, as before by y^e^ fury of bigots. So true it is that superstition and Infidelity are both founded in y^e^ same narrow way of thinking. A small party, however, encourag'd and supported me. But within an age an army of Barbarians overwhelm'd our land like an inundation, defac'd all footsteps of learn-

ing, and I with great difficulty escap'd into another country.

Here I open'd a school, and met wth some followers. We form'd a society and in Time invented some curious optical instruments, w^{ch} assisted us in our Researches. We now began to think that y^{e} second stars borrow'd all their light from y^{e} great one; and in process of time found reason to suspect that these second stars were even not in y^{e} same sphere wth y^{e} rest of y^{e} Luminarys, but hung very much below them, a discovery w^{ch} much surprised y^{e} learned world: and some time after we ventur'd to teach that y^{e} heavenly bodys were many of them as large even as y^{e} world we liv'd on; and that y^{e} second stars were worlds inhabited like ours; w^{ch} last extremely diverted the wits.

In process of time, a vast streak of light (E) appear'd on y^{e} edge of the *dusky veil*, I examin'd y^{e} Phenomenon, and declar'd my opinion that some vast luminary wou'd issue thence, and enlighten y^{e} world with surprising splendour. I was confirm'd in this op[inion] by some old broken Remain of tradition I had met with [when] I first began to study philosophy, and w^{ch} were by all look'd on as

fabulous. They imported that there had formerly been a *golden age* when ye heavens and earth were deck'd with a sevenfold lustre. Mountains sweat wth honey, and Rivers flow'd with wine; but that the golden god who then govern'd ye world, pursu'd by ye silver goddess his daughter, had plung'd and hid himself in ye vast abyss. It was from thence, that I, who was acquainted with the slow revolution of the heavens, expected his return. The wits however rally'd it, as ye most absurd position, to assert, that ye great streak of light I spoke of had not always appear'd in ye same manner.

At this time began to be heard all over the world a huge noise and fragor in ye skys, as if all nature was approaching to her dissolution. The stars seem'd to be torn from their orbits, and to wander at random thro' ye heavens. I observ'd however that they did not change their position with regard to each other; and thence concluded from ye depth of my philosophy, that this unnatural motion was to be ascrib'd rather to ye globe we liv'd on, than to ye heavens, and that the former underwent some violent concussion. I fix'd my attention on a constellation of ye second stars. I found that they considerably chang'd their position

wth regard to each other, and seem'd to suffer some cruel agitation. It was not long before I observ'd several of them to separate from, and forsake y^{e} rest. I watch'd their motions carefully; mark'd on my globe their courses among y^{e} stars, as one wou'd that of a comet. I perceiv'd their swiftness continually increas'd, and by degrees saw them lost in y^{e} great *dark veil.*

And now y^{e} fragor increas'd; y^{e} world was alarm'd; all was consternation, horrour, and amaze; no less was expected than an universal wreck of nature. What ensu'd I know not. All of a sudden, I knew not how, I found myself in bed, as just waking from a sound sleep.

I recollected y^{e} bed, y^{e} hangings, y^{e} room, my last night's thoughts, y^{e} whole series of my former life. All this wou'd seem to persuade me that I had been in a dream. On y^{e} other hand, my whole existence in the present state appear'd so small and so inconsiderable, and there appear'd so much of soli[dity and regulari]ty in the other state, wherein I had spent thousand of years, that I could not be persuaded but I was at present in a *dream.* I rub'd my face, pull'd myself by the nose and ears in order to awake myself. I got up, ran

into the house, enquir'd what was the name of y^e^ world we lived in, what nation this was call'd? what king at present reign'd? I hurry'd into the orchard, and by a sort of natural instinct made to y^e^ plumb-tree under w^ch^ pass'd my last night's reverie. I observ'd y^e^ face of y^e^ heavens was just the same as it had appear'd to me immediately before I left my former state; and that a brisk gale of wind, w^ch^ is common about sun rising, was abroad. I recollected a hint I had read in *Fontenelle* who intimates that there is reason to suppose that y^e^ *Blue* on *Plumbs* is no other than an immense number of living creatures. I got into y^e^ tree, examin'd y^e^ clusters of plumbs; found that they hung in y^e^ same position, and made y^e^ same appearance with y^e^ constellations of second stars, I had been so familiarly acquainted with, excepting that some few were wanting, which I myself had seen fall. I cou'd then no longer doubt how y^e^ matter was.

O y^e^ vanity of worldly things, and even of worlds themselves! o world, wherein I have spent so many happy days! o y^e^ comforts, and enjoyments I am separated from; y^e^ acquaintance and friends I have left behind me there! O y^e^ mountains, rivers, rocks and plains, w^ch^

ages had familiariz'd to my view! with you I seem'd at home; here I am like a banish'd man; every thing appears strange, wild and savage! O ye projects I had form'd! ye designs I had set on foot, ye friendships I had cultivated! How has one blast of wind dash'd you to pieces! . . . But thus it is: *Plumbs* fall, and *Planets* shall perish. . . .

"And now a Bubble burst, and now a world." * The time will come when ye powers of heaven shall be shaken, and ye stars shall fall like ye fruit of a tree, when it is shaken by a mighty wind.

(A) Y^e^ fruit.
(B) Y^e^ branches.
(C) Y^e^ playing of y^e^ leaves in y^e^ moonbeams.
(D) Y^e^ earth.
(E) Day-break.

* [Pope's *Essay on Man*, Epistle 1, l. 90.]

THE UNKNOWN ⊙

Verses occasioned by hearing a Pass-Bell

By y^e^ Rev^d^ M^r^ St—n

Hark^e^ my gay Fr^d^ y^t^ solemn Toll
Speaks y^e^ departure of a soul;
'Tis gone, y^t's^ all we know — not where
Or how y^e^ unbody'^d^ soul do's fare —
In that mysterious ⊙ none knows
But ☿ alone to w^m^ it goes;
To whom departed souls return
To take their doom to smile or mourn.
Oh! by w^t^ glimmering light we view
The unknown ⊙ we're hast'ning to!
God has lock'd up y^e^ mystic Page,
And curtained darkness round y^e^ stage!
Wise ♄ to render search perplext
Has drawn 'twixt y^e^ ⊙ & y^e^ next
A dark impenetrable screen
All behind w^ch^ is yet unseen!
We talk of ♄, we talk of Hell,
But w^t^ yy mean no tongue can tell!
Heaven is the realm where angels are
And Hell the chaos of despair.
But what y^ese^ awful truths imply,
None of us know before we die!

Wheth^er we will or no, we must
Take the succeeding ⊙ on trust.
This hour perhaps O^r. F^rd. is well,
Death-struck y^e. next he cries, Farewell,
I die! and yet for ought we see,
Ceases at once to breath and be —
Thus launch'd f^m. life's ambiguous shore
Ingulph'd in Death appears no more,
Then undirected to repair,
To distant ⊙^s. we know not where.
Swift flies the ☽, perhaps 'tis gone
A thousand leagues beyond the sun;
Or 2^ce. 10 thousand more 3^ce. told
Ere the forsaken clay is cold!
And yet who knows if Fr^nds. we lov'd
Tho' dead may be so far removed;
Only y^e. veil of flesh between,
Perhaps yy watch us though unseen.
Whilst we, y^r. loss lamenting, say,
They're out of hearing far away;
Guardians to us perhaps they're near
Concealed in vehicles of air —
And yet no notices yy give
Nor tell us where, nor how yy live;
Tho' conscious whilst with us below,
How much y^ms. desired to know —
As if bound up by solemn Fate
To keep the secret of y^r. state,
To tell y^r. joys or pains to none,
That man might live by Faith alone.
Well, let my sovereign if he please,
Lock up his marvellous decrees;

Why sh^{d} I wish him to reveal
W^{t} he thinks proper to conceal?
It is enough y^{t} I believe
Heaven's bright^{r} y^{e} I can conceive;
And he y^{t} makes it all his care
To serve God here shall see him there!
But oh! w^{t} ⊙s shall I survey
The moment y^{t} I leave y^{e} clay?
How sudden y^{e} surprise, how new!
Let it, my God, be happy too—

NOTES

NOTES ON STERNE'S CORRESPONDENTS

THOMAS BECKET. The bookseller in the Strand, who took Dodsley's place as Sterne's publisher in 1762. Letters LXV., LXXX., LXXXVIII., XCIV., CXIII.

THOMAS BELASYSE of Newburgh Priory, Yorkshire; created Earl of Fauconberg in 1756. He was Sterne's patron in the North, who presented him with the living at Coxwold in March 1760. He died in 1774. Letters LXIV., LXXXIX., CXXXII., CXXXIII.

MR. BERRENGER. "A person of fashion, well known in London, and Master of the Horse at the Palace." — Fitzgerald. Letter XL.

FRANCIS BLACKBURNE (1705–1787). In 1739 he was appointed to the living of Richmond in Yorkshire, where he passed the rest of his life. In 1750 he was collated to the archdeaconry of Cleveland and to the prebend of Bilton. His *Confessional* (1766), aimed against confessions of faith and doctrine, occasioned a lively controversy, and barred further ecclesiastical honors. Letters V., VI., VII.

JOHN BLAKE. A prebendary of York, whom Sterne advised in matrimonial difficulties. Letters IX.–XIX.

JOHN CROFT (1732–1820). A younger brother to Stephen Croft, the Squire of Stillington, one of Sterne's most intimate friends during the Sutton period. As a young man, John Croft was sent to Oporto to learn the wine trade. After spending many years in Portugal, he returned to

York and joined a firm of wine merchants there. As wit and antiquary, he gained more than local fame. Among his publications are a miscellany of jests called *Scrapeana* (1792) and *Excerpta Antiqua; or a Collection of original Manuscripts* (1797). See the first letter among the *Anecdotes*.

STEPHEN CROFT. The Squire of Stillington, a congenial and confidential friend, who rescued the manuscript of *Tristram Shandy* from the fire. Letters XLII., XLIII., LI., LII., LIII., LIV.

J. DILLON. "One of the March, Selwyn, and Gilly Williams coterie." — Fitzgerald. Letter CXLI. Dillon is mentioned in the *Journal to Eliza* under date of June 30, 1767.

JAMES DODSLEY (1724–1797). The great London publisher in Pall Mall. From his house were issued the first four volumes of *Tristram Shandy*. Letter XXII.

ROBERT HAY DRUMMOND (1711–1776). In succession royal Chaplain to George the Second, Prebendary of Westminster, Bishop of St. Asaph, Bishop of Salisbury, and Archbishop of York (1761). According to Horace Walpole, he was "a man of parts and of the world." Letters LXVI., LXXXIV., CI. Consult *Journal to Eliza* for July 18 for Sterne's high estimation of him.

LADY D——. Not identified. Letters LX., LXXII.

DR. EUSTACE. A friend of Arthur Dobbs, the colonial Governor of North Carolina from 1754 to 1765. Letters CLXVIII., CLXIX.

MR. E——. A London friend whose name seems to have been Edmundson. Letter LXXIII.

NOTES

FAUCONBERG, THE EARL OF. See Thomas Belasyse.

MRS. FERGUSON. A "witty widow," with whom Sterne made acquaintance in the pre-Shandean period. She was apparently a Yorkshire woman, who passed much of her time in London and Bath. Letters XXIII., XLVIII., XCIII., CLVI.

MR. FOLEY. Sterne's banker at Paris, of the firm of Panchaud and Foley, Rue Sauveur. Letters LXXV., LXXVII., LXXVIII., LXXIX., LXXXI., LXXXII., LXXXIII., LXXXV., LXXXVI., LXXXVII., XC., XCI., XCII., XCVII., C., CII., CIV., CVII., CXI., CXII., CXX., CXXVIII.

CATHERINE DE FOURMANTELLE. Consult the sketch by John Murray, introductory to Letters XXV.–XXXVII.

DAVID GARRICK (1717–1779). The great actor. Sterne made his acquaintance early in March 1760. Letters XXXVIII., XXXIX., LVIII., LIX., LXII., LXIII., CV., CVI.

JOHN HALL-STEVENSON. See Stevenson, John Hall-.

MRS. H——. Some woman named Hannah, whom Mrs. Medalle transformed into Mrs. H. in order to shield her father. Letters CLVII., CLIX.

SIR WILLIAM JAMES (1721–1783). Commodore and commander-in-chief of the East Indian Company's Marine force at Bombay. Retiring from service in 1759, he settled in England. He purchased an estate near Eltham, and married Anne, daughter of Edmond Goddard of Hartham in Wiltshire. Beginning with January 1767, Sterne was a frequent visitor of the Jameses at their house in Gerrard

street, Soho. There he must have first met Mrs. Draper. Letters CXXXVIII., CXLVI., CXLVIII., CXLIX., CLV., CLVIII., CLXIV., CLXV., CLXVI., CLXVII., CLXXII.

A. Lee. "A gentleman of York and a bachelor of a liberal turn of mind," who lent Sterne "one hundred pounds towards the printing" of the first two volumes of *Tristram Shandy*. Letters CXLIII., CXLIV., CLX., CLXIII.

Miss Lumley. See Mrs. Sterne.

Sir George Macartney (1737–1806). A diplomatist. He was accounted "one of the handsomest and most accomplished young men of his day." He was knighted in 1764. A few months before the date of Sterne's letter to him, he declined the embassy to St. Petersburg. At a later period, Macartney became in turn Captain-General and Governor of the Caribbee Islands and Governor and President of Madras, and he might have succeeded Warren Hastings as Governor-General of India. Letter CLXII.

Mrs. Meadows. A shadowy and perhaps wholly mythical character. She may be the Mrs. M—— who is several times mentioned in the correspondence. Letter CX.

Mr. Panchaud. Of the firm of Panchaud and Foley, Sterne's bankers at Paris. Letters CXIV., CXV., CXVI., CXVII., CXXI., CXXIII., CXXVII., CXXIX., CXXXIV., CXXXVI., CXLVII., CLIV.

Lady Percy. Anne, daughter to John Stuart, third Earl of Bute. She was married in 1764 to Hugh, second Earl of Northumberland, and she was divorced from him in 1779. Consult the note to Letter CVIII.

William Pitt, afterwards Earl of Chatham (1708–1788). Letter XLI.

NOTES

Ignatius Sancho (1729–1780). A negro born on a slave-ship. He was baptized at Carthagena by a Portuguese bishop in the name of Ignatius. When two years old, he was brought to England, where he was made over to three maiden ladies who treated him harshly. They called him Sancho, from a fancied resemblance to the famous squire in *Don Quixote*. Fleeing from these women, he came into the service of the Montagu family. He learned to read, and late in life he wrote letters in imitation of Sterne, which were collected and published in 1782, two years after his death. Letters CXXV., CXXVI., CXXXIX., CXLV.

Jaques Sterne, LL.D. (died in 1759). Uncle of Laurence Sterne. He was Prebendary of Durham, Canon Residentiary, Precentor and Prebendary of York, Rector of Rice, and Rector of Hornsea cum Riston. It was by his influence that Laurence Sterne was appointed Vicar of Sutton (1738), and a Prebendary of York (1741). The alienation of uncle and nephew became complete by 1751. Letters VII., VIII.

Mrs. Sterne. Wife of Laurence Sterne. Her maiden name was Elizabeth Lumley. She was a daughter of Richard Lumley, Rector of Bedale, "one of the best livings in Yorkshire," by Lydia, daughter to Anthony Light of Durham. On the death of her parents, she came to York, where Sterne made her acquaintance. The marriage, which proved uncomfortable to both parties, took place in York Cathedral on March 30, 1741. In later life Mrs. Sterne lived much in southern France, where she died at Alby in Languedoc, in January 1773. Letters I., II., III., IV., LXI., LXVII., LXVIII., LXIX., LXX., LXXI.

MISS STERNE. Lydia Sterne, the second and only surviving daughter of Laurence and Elizabeth Sterne, was born on December 1, 1747. She grew up a pretty and sprightly girl, and became the delight of her father's heart. She went abroad with her mother in 1762, and thereafter lived mostly in France, with stretches of some months at Coxwold and York. On April 28, 1772, she abjured the Protestant religion to become on that day the wife of Alexander Anne Medalle, son of a Receveur des Décimes in the customs at Alby, an old town in Languedoc. In the summer of 1775, she came to England to supervise the publication of her father's correspondence. In the same year she returned to southern France, where she died before 1783. A son born of the marriage died in childhood. Letters XCV., CXVIII., CXXXV., CXXXVII., CLI., CLXXI.

JOHN HALL-STEVENSON (1718–1785). His original name was Hall, and he is frequently so addressed by Sterne. The name Stevenson he took from his wife. Sterne and Stevenson became acquainted at Cambridge, and they kept up a close intimacy till separated by death. Stevenson settled at Skelton Castle — which he called Crazy Castle — over on the Yorkshire coast, where he lived an idle and eccentric life and dabbled in literature. Dr. Alexander Carlyle, who met him at Harrogate, described him as "a highly-accomplished and well-bred gentleman." Among his publications is a series of stories in verse, entitled, *Crazy Tales* (1762), one of which Sterne is supposed to relate. The volume was dedicated by the author to himself — an "ever honoured and worthy Sir." In 1769, Hall-Stevenson published a continuation of Sterne's *Sentimental Journey* (reprinted by the Georgian Society, London 1902). Letters

L., LV., LVI., LXXIV., LXXVI., XCVI., XCVIII., XCIX., CIII., CXIX., CXXII., CXXX., CXLII., CL.

THE EARL OF S——. Probably William Petty (1737–1805), created Earl of Shelburne in 1764. He is mentioned in Letter CIV. and in the *Journal to Eliza* for May 2, 1767. Letter CXL.

MR. S——. Not identified. Letter CXXIV.

L. S——N. Perhaps the Mr. Selwin who was the London agent of Panchaud and Foley, the bankers at Paris. Letter CLXX.

M. TOLLOT. A friend of Sterne and Stevenson in France. He gayly describes the ways of Sterne on the first French journey. See quotations from his two letters in the *Anecdotes.*

WILLIAM WARBURTON (1698–1779). The noted Bishop of Gloucester. Letters XXXIX., XLIV., XLV., XLVI., XLVII.

CALEB WHITEFOORD (1734–1810). A wit and diplomatist. Like Croft he began his career in the wine trade, and gained repute for his *bon mots.* In 1783, he was one of the representatives in the negotiations at Paris that led to the treaty of peace between England, France, and the United States. In early life he was a friend of Goldsmith, who described him as a "rare compound of oddity, frolic, and fun." See the first letter among the *Anecdotes.*

MR. WOODHOUSE. "A most amiable worthy man" with whom Sterne associated at York, in London, and abroad. Letters CIX., CXXXI.

SIR W——. "A certain Sir William," one of Sterne's friends among the London smart set. Letters CLII., CLIII.

LADY ——. Not identified. Letter LVII.

THE EARL OF ——. Not identified. Letter CLXI.

DR. ****** This medical friend, who writes from London, protesting against Sterne's treatment of Dr. Richard Mead — the Dr. Kunastrokius of *Tristram Shandy* — may be Sir Noah Thomas, soon to become physician to George the Third. Letter XXIV.

****. Some friend who had remonstrated with Sterne for the indecorums of *Tristram Shandy*. Letter XLIX.

****** Not identified. Letter XX.

——. A York chemist, or apothecary. Letter XXI.

W. L. C.

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